Are YOU collecting "John Bull" Pen Coupons?—See page 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 587. | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

037632

A

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

ANOTHER TRANSPORT TRAGEDY

Absolute Reliability

That is the great virtue of Ideal Milk—the absolute reliability—the same perfect quality in every tin. That is the reason why Ideal Milk should always be preferred to ordinary dairy milk by every prudent housewife. "Ideal" is just the richest cow's milk concentrated till it is as thick as cream—only water is taken away—nothing is added.

Guaranteed always
FRESH and PURE.

No Sugar——No Preservative

IDEAL MILK

Diluted: for every purpose of fresh milk
Undiluted: for every purpose of fresh cream, except

IT WON'T "WHIP"

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price 5d. and 10d. per tin.

"I met him in Holborn—

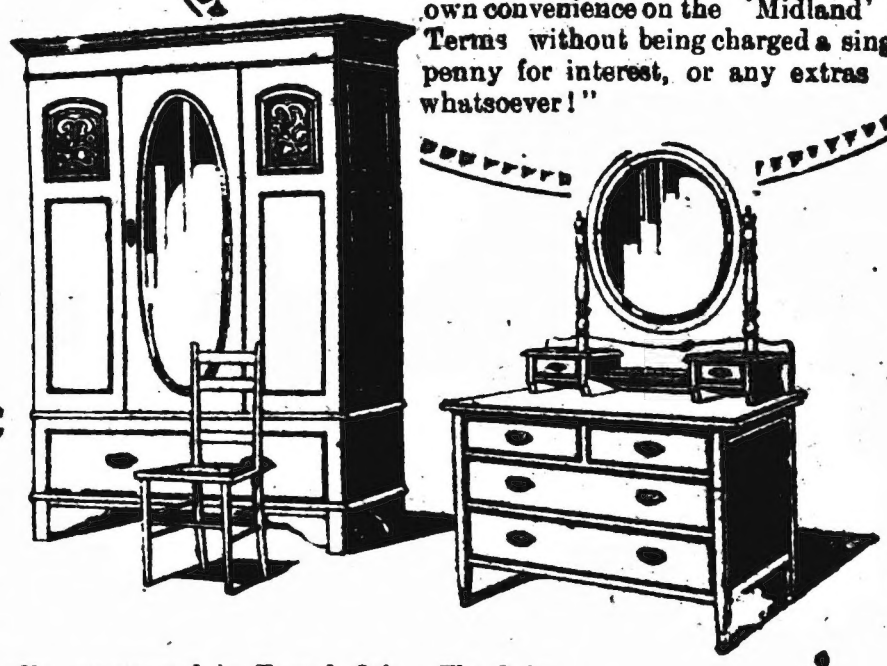
"We turned off into Southampton Row. And suddenly—three doors round the corner—we came on the very thing we were looking for! Just the ideal furniture we'd always hoped to have when we settled down in a dear little home of our own. There it was—in the 'Midland' Salons—and the moment we saw it we knew we'd come to the right place!

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

"You ought to go there yourself when you're furnishing. There's £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from; and you've only to read the prices, all written out in plain figures, to see what splendid value the 'Midland' give. You get an extra 10% discount for cash; and if you like to furnish out of income you can arrange to pay at your own convenience on the 'Midland' Ideal Terms without being charged a single penny for interest, or any extras whatsoever!"

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.



Handsome Bedroom Suite, soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4 ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; and 2 Chairs - - - - - - **£24 - 10 - 0**

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Made at Hammersmith

OSRAM

G.E.C.
DRAWN WIRE
LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of

BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIALS
BRITISH CAPITAL

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works Hammersmith W.

PLAYER'S

"Country Life" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

10 for 4D.

50 for 1/7½

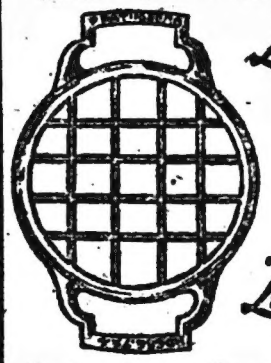
These cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital. Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham.

Regimental Uniforms:
French Field Artillery. Officer and Gun Team

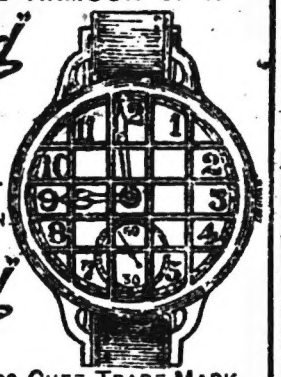
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
P.650

GIRD YOUR WRIST WATCH WITH THE ARMOUR OF A



"Mesh-Guard"

PAT. NO. 105694.
(BRITISH MADE)
SHOWS THE TIME ALL THE TIME.
NEAT—ORNAMENTAL—SIMPLE—STRONG AND ABSOLUTE PROTECTION.
INSIST ON THE
"Mesh-Guard"
PAT. NO. 105694.



IN THE LITTLE ENVELOPE SHOWING OFFICERS CUFF TRADE MARK.

NICKEL OR KHAKI 1/-

ROLLED GOLD OR H.M. SILVER 2/6

IF UNABLE TO OBTAIN, WRITE MESH-GUARD ADVT. DEPT. 10-13, NEW BRIDGE ST., LONDON, E.C. 4.

WEAK NERVES.

Health and happiness impossible where nerve weakness exists. My **FREE BOOK** shows how **lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain-fag, self-consciousness,** etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. **BE EFFICIENT!** Stop failing, and become the success you were meant to. Enclose 2 stamps, mention ailment.

Dept. B. **THOMAS INCH,** 74, CLARENDON ROAD, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Lino, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

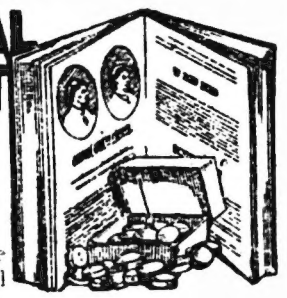
EASY TERMS

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES CURED.

Domigo has been tested by scientists and sufferers with great success. The secret of the recipe was brought by an Englishman from the heart of Africa; and since its discovery it has cured numbers of distressing complaints where all other means have failed. Its action is thorough and far-reaching, yet very pleasant; it is a great Blood Purifier, and is free from all harmful chemicals. It cures permanently and it can cure you.

To enable sufferers to test the value of this great discovery, it has been decided to supply a limited number of Trial Treatments together with a valuable treatise on Blood and Skin Troubles for 6d. only to readers of this journal.

THIS TRIAL TREATMENT 6d POST FREE



Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons and pollutions.

Send to-day to the **DOMIGO CO., 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.,** and the Trial treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return. Don't wait a day longer. Clear your skin and blood from all poisons and other troubles by means of this great discovery.

DOMIGO CURES

LUPUS
SHELL POISONING
LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA
ECZEMA
PSORIASIS
ULCERS
SYCOSIS
GOUTY ECZEMA
BOILS, PIMPLES
BLOTCHY SKIN
ACNE
ANÆMIA
MALARIA

Domigo Tablets, Ointment and Skin Soap can be obtained from any branch of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., or post free direct.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 17.

THE "PADRE."

We can always depend on the "Padre" for a cheery smile in the midst of all the worries and hardships, and we can rely on him for a decent cigarette; . . . . he doesn't smoke fags . . . . but some of the best, like "Army Clubs."

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and at all Canteens at Home and Abroad.

20 *for* **11d., 50** *for* **2/3, 100** *for* **4/6.**

Packets of 10 can be obtained at 5½d.

Only a 'Scrap of Paper'

But it carries a guarantee which protects the public against worthless substitutes!

Unlike many spurious and worthless imitations (often containing harmful ingredients), Wrigleys is a pure gum and is free from injurious wax, and therefore beneficial to health. It is a splendid aid to digestion and helps to counteract the ill effects of war bread. . . . Hundreds of millions of packets are sent to the troops as only the best is good enough for Tommy.

2½d. per packet 5 Bars.

— Send to your Soldier Friends. —
There is a constant call for Wrigleys.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylors Drug Co., Ltd).

Wrigleys Ltd., LONDON, S.E.1.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 17.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 587. Week ending Saturday, September 1st, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Latest Balfourism.

"I don't believe that in June, 1914, the Government had the slightest notion there was any danger ahead." Neither do we—but they *were* the Government, weren't they?

"Education."

The more we look at the new Education Bill, the less we like it. Hadn't we better begin by agreeing upon a definition of the word "Education"?

Haldane Explains.

But no doubt Lord Haldane could give us a definition. He says he "has often marvelled at the slowness of the democracy to perceive that inequality in education lies at the root of most of the inequality in other things." Quite so—let all our children be well dosed in German *Kultur!*

The New Honours.

We haven't had time to go through the enormous list of Knights and Dames just "created"; but it certainly is very catholic and cosmopolitan in its composition. And, thank Heaven, there is no perfume of Party Politics about it.

An Appropriate Reward.

One of the most interesting names in the list is, undoubtedly, our friend Havelock Wilson. Cynics are connecting the honour with his patriotic action in keeping the Peace cranks at home! But what about his splendid article in our last issue?

Hush, Hush!

What has become of the second Dardanelles Report—*and what about ghastly Gaza?*

Who is Your Member?

The publication of our recent Mesopotamia coupon for the purpose of being forwarded to Members of Parliament has brought us an enormous quantity of letters from readers expressing absolute ignorance as to who their Members are. Do you wonder that we call Politics a fraud?

"Hush!"

Many readers have sent us the replies of their M.P.s. Here is a fair specimen—from Mr. Arthur Fell, M.P. for Great Yarmouth: "I cannot understand this coupon coming now. *The matter was over three weeks ago*, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the head of the India Office, resigned his position and salary. He has to pay for the misdeeds of his subordinates. *Nothing more will be done.*" Then we have Mr. Charles Carew, Member for Tiverton, writing that a judicial inquiry would "entail the calling home of officers and men from abroad and thus greatly impede the prosecution of the war." What a game it is!

Back to the—"Pool"!

What do you think of the suggestion that Mr. Austen Chamberlain should succeed Mr. Bonar Law as Chancellor of the Exchequer when, after the recess, he gives up the job and confines himself to the Leadership of the House? Again, what a game!

A Coming Revolt.

Look out for a startling manifesto by disgruntled Unionist M.P.s—and there are scores of them—proclaiming the formation of a new Party independent of the Coalition.

The Master of the Rolls.

Much difficulty is being experienced in filling up this post. Lord Justice Swinfen Eady wants it, and so does Mr. H. E. Duke. But Sir George Cave hasn't, so far, seen his way to stand aside. Fortunately, the advent of the Long Vacation eases the situation.

A Prophecy.

A reader tells us that some years ago he attended a lecture by Ramsay Macdonald, at the Whitfield Tabernacle, and heard him declare that the "German workers" had authorised him to say that, in the event of war with us, they would never fight their "British brothers"—wherefore, added the sage of Leicester, "war between the two countries was impossible." Now we know.

That £100.

Have you heard the story of a Treasury draft for £100 for the expenses of that trip to Paris of Henderson, Macdonald and Co.—and what became of it?

Mr. Justice Darling.

There are rumours that we shall see this unique personality no more on the Bench, and that Sir Edward Marshall Hall may take his place.

The *Black* Cross.

We are contemplating issuing a Roll of Dishonour—consisting of the names of pro-German M.P.s, Pacifists and others, with extracts from their speeches or writings justifying their inclusion in the list. Contributions to the Roll will be gratefully received.

"Are You There?"

Is it the fact that at the Park Telephone Exchange—through which many War Office and Admiralty messages pass—there is a lady supervisor of German extraction, who was recently transferred from Hampstead as the result of a protest by the staff? And do the duties of this lady include the constant tapping of the line to check its efficient working?

More Air Raids coming. Protect yourself by signing Free Insurance Coupon—page iii of Cover.

Not Good Burton.

Guardians of the Poor at Burton have been deploring the fact that they have 45 children in the workhouse; in August, 1916, the number was 19. "The increase was largely due to the fact that soldiers' children had come to them." Burton is a rich and prosperous town, and should do better than that. "Soldiers' children in the workhouse" is a sorry line to read; a generous outdoor relief would keep them at home till some institution, not a pauper one, could be found for them.

Three Gentlemen and Some Females.

Two badly-wounded soldiers, trying to enter a Portsmouth tram, had to contend with a crush of "sweet ladies" who had been shopping. A Naval officer in uniform asked some of them to allow the wounded gentlemen to enter. He received a contemptuous sneer from one female, while another just remarked "I must be home for my hot lunch." It is a pity we do not know the names of those things in frocks, otherwise we would serve them up something nice and hot to digest at their leisure.

Pay Troubles.

From employees of two big firms, Harland and Wolff, Belfast, and Curtiss and Harvey, Kent, comes, by the same post, practically the same complaint. It is that workers, of whatever standing, who do not happen to be backed by a Society or Union, do not receive the increase in wages granted to Union men. There are other troubles similar in character; at Selby the wage rate is said to be abominable. The result is grave discontent. As the firms are Government controlled, it should be easy to rectify a position so plainly unfair.

Wheat and Wastage.

Pleasant is the assurance of Mr. Lloyd George that the country has now in hand over two million quarters of wheat more than this time last year. Some of that wheat —we are assured hundreds of tons of it—is rotting in the holds of barges lying at various docks; this for want of storage space on land. The suggestion of our informant is that this wheat—he speaks not only of wheat, but of maize—should be stored in chapels and churches commandeered on Government account. And certainly there is this to be said for it: they are sometimes very dry places.

Instructions to the Board.

A man appeared before the Chard Tribunal, after several exemptions on account of ill-health. He was sent to the Medical Board with papers from the Recruiting Office. Being kept waiting, the naughty man amused himself by opening the papers. This is what he read, from Col. Yates to the Medical Board:—"This man comes of a large gipsy family residing in the neighbourhood, whose male members were strong enough for anything until military service faced them. Class in C2, or higher if possible." That amazing letter has resulted in his being referred to an impartial Medical Board—and quite right, too.

The Pembrokeshire Job.

The job perpetrated by the Pembrokeshire War Agricultural Committee, in appointing a builder as Managing Clerk at £150 a year, when there were ex-soldiers more fitted for the post, becomes even a worse "job" on closer examination. There was in the office of the Committee a wounded man, who had done the "donkey work" of the department for some time. When he proposed to apply for the Clerkship, he was told no application would be entertained except from persons with extensive experience of office routine. On top of that, the Committee appointed that builder (a member of the Education Committee) not nearly so well-qualified as the man turned down.

"Little Better Than Huns."

In the course of a wild, weird screed in his Parish Magazine, Canon Hodgson, the Vicar of Aston, says, "We are not ripe for victory, and in God's sight are little, if any, better than the Huns." Our rev. friend is obviously a poor hand at compliments. He does not even know how to pay a compliment to God.

No Huns Need Apply.

The recent suggestion of the Chairman of a London Military Tribunal that British bakers should "employ Germans" has evoked a patriotic resolution from the Harrow Road, Willesden and Kilburn Association of Master Bakers, who "solemnly pledge themselves never again to allow a German or Austrian, naturalised or unnaturalised, to join the Association," or "to employ a German or Austrian operative baker." Congratulations!

Harrogate's Wounded Tommies.

When the Committee of the Harrogate "Wounded Soldiers' Entertainment Fund," under its late Chairman, Mr. Walter Blakey, was first constituted, it did a great deal of enthusiastic work in providing entertainment. For a long time now, however, its enthusiasm has been waning, and its activities have been atrophied. We believe that not a single concert was given in hospital last winter, and not a single wounded soldier has been taken into the country. This is not a state of things which Harrogate should allow to continue.

A Vicar's Conscience.

Admitted that the Rev. J. Palliser David, Vicar of Strood, has a delicate conscience, isn't it a bit slow at the gate? He published the banns of a local man and woman, but on the morning of the marriage he called the bridegroom into the vestry, and there inquired whether or not the bride was his deceased wife's sister. The bridegroom said that was so, but pointed out the alteration of the law which made the marriage quite legal. "Yes," was the reply, "but the Prayer Book has not been altered, and I am sorry I cannot marry you." When the Vicar said he was sorry, of course he meant he was glad.

The Creeper In.

Perhaps we must not mention the name of the Naval Base referred to, but we learn how easily anybody can gain entrance to it. The which may account for some disasters. All a spy needs is a "[Name of Base] Railway Ticket." This carries him right in without any trouble or inquiry. He can walk to the basin, join the workmen, and go with them alongside the ships at anchor. A workman often gets two tickets by accident. The spy asks a man, "has he a spare ticket?" pretending to have lost or forgotten his own, and so secures his "order to view." The way to stop such tricks is to stick the photo of each worker on his passport, and allow no soul to enter without such credentials.

More Walker.

Mr. Lawson Walker, the Worcestershire farmer who slandered soldiers by describing them as so lazy that he preferred German prisoners, has been at it again. His latest shout is because Government is tackling the price of meat. In London beef costs, say, 2s. 4d. a pound. Walker, of Worcester, "thought they—the farmers—were being bled for the sake of the British public." This when the British public is bled every hour by profiteers, including farmers, is rich ranting. So is this Walkerism:—"Farmers did not protest half enough. There ought to be riotous meetings in every market. He was not much of an agitator, but he could not stand to be trodden on too much." Not much of an agitator, but a beggar to scream.

He will appreciate a "John Bull" Pen. Send him one to-day. See coupon, page 15.

Loss of Tonnage.

Will the Controller of Shipping be good enough to explain to many who are a-wondering why it is that laden ships are put into French ports and returned with empty holds, when hundreds of tons of material are in the docks and quays of our Ally's ports awaiting shipment to this country?

Police and Soldiers.

We are glad to be assured that, under a recent regulation, the rewards to the police for the arrest of soldier absentees has ceased to come out of the culprits' pay, so that innocent wives and children are no longer penalised in this way.

Fleetwood Fishers.

Fleetwood men understood that aliens were no longer to skipper British ships, but there are foreigners still in charge of fishing craft. Elderly, experienced Britons, of first-class competence, kick their heels ashore, while the aliens pick up the pieces. Also, there are many young fishermen who might take on another job and give the old 'uns a chance. This is matter for the immediate attention of the "Board of Agriculture and Fisheries."—curious combination!

"Sixpence, Please."

The Vicar and Churchwardens of the famous Church at Stratford-on-Avon are still at the receipt of custom. A tourist can see Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, in London, inside and out, free, gratis and for nothing; but if he goes to the place where Shakesbacon was buried and wants to look round the Church, he has to pay sixpence. For a cinema or a fat lady show, the charge might not be dear; but, as a condition of entering a Church it is outrageous.

R. D. C.

The men of the Royal Defence Corps, all the thousands of them, have little or nothing to do—just a guard here and there. As they are no longer employed to guard the—mum's the word—they want to know why they cannot be spared to go and do some real work, for their own good and that of the country. "Then," they say, very finely, "if we are wanted in case of invasion or any likelihood of one, call us, and we'll be there, as old soldiers." Good men and true, those. Why waste them, as at present?

Job Sneakers Now.

When a Manchester man advertised a vacancy in his office, he received a letter from the Employment Secretary of the "Alternative Service Guild," asking:—"Would you consider an application for the vacancy from a Conscientious Objector?" The Manchester man's reply was a very vigorous "No," and a few other words even more vigorous. As he puts it to us, "What a 'conscience' these things have when they try to obtain jobs fit for discharged soldiers or others above military age!" We hope other employers will act equally as well as our friend did.

"Take Care of the Babies."

A woman, the wife of a soldier, took her baby, two days old and born in "Baby Week," to a hospital in London, as the infant had "something the matter with her eyes." The mother says she waited without attention from three o'clock to six in the afternoon, and then was told by a doctor to go down to the Dispensary to get some lotion and bathe the child's eyes. She was informed that, as she had not the necessary 2d. to pay for the bottle, she could not have the lotion before 10 next morning. She wanted to borrow the coppers from a friend outside—a matter of a few seconds. "No," said a dispenser, "certainly not; we are just on the point of closing; you must come back in the morning." "This," says the informant, "was Baby Week, when everywhere you went you heard 'Take care of the babies'!"

South-West Africa.

Despite the change of allegiance, the Huns in "German" South-West Africa are still having things all their own way. German officers and soldiers roam the streets in full uniform. German traders conduct "Business as usual." German officials control and collect local taxes, and generally manage things to their own liking, just as they did in the former *regime*. A word from General Smuts might help us to see light.

The Vanishing Coin Trick.

Scene: A hospital, Blackpool. Visitor chats with a patient in bed, and leaves him a florin, to buy a few little comforts. (*Exit* Visitor.) Matron, pouncing, takes the coin from the patient, crosses the ward, and drops the money into a donation box. *Query:* Would the wounded Tommy be justified in summoning the Matron for appropriating his two shillings?

What Tommy Reads.

Every officer who returns from the front bears testimony to the extraordinary popularity which the novels of Charles Dickens enjoy among our fighting men. In this connection we are not surprised to find that a third edition of Mr. Walter Crotch's "Pageant of Dickens" has just been issued, and that a second edition of his brilliant study "The Soul of Dickens" is being eagerly asked for. You should read them both.

L. G. O. C.

Employees of the London General Omnibus Company who went into the Army were granted a pass, renewable yearly, entitling them to use the Company's buses free of charge—within limits. At the beginning of the current year this concession was withdrawn. An old busman, now a soldier, asks us why he should be made to pay while a policeman is never asked for his fare? We pass the question on to the Company, and would also ask them to reconsider their decision for the sake of good men.

A Good American.

This is not O.K. An American has served in our Army, is discharged unfit, and has a silver badge and a pension, but the Labour Exchange at Bootle writes him:—"With reference to the vacant position, I regret that, owing to the fact that you are not a British citizen, your application cannot be entertained." We believe in keeping out the foreigner, but the services and record of this man entitle him to something like honorary citizenship. He is too good to be barred.

Walking Wounded.

A correspondent describes a distressing sight he witnessed near Liverpool Street Station about midday. It was a number of wounded soldiers—some very badly wounded—walking to the station and carrying their own packs. They were so weak that but for British pluck they must have laid down in the gutter and waited for an ambulance. There ought to have been a conveyance for men in such plight, and we believe there usually is; but even one oversight in such a matter is lamentable cruelty.

Prophetic.

This is what Mrs. Besant—now the High Priestess of Theosophy and of Indian Home Rule—wrote in the *National Reformer* in June, 1888: "The new Emperor of Germany is essentially the War Lord, and his hateful ideals threaten all Europe with blood and fire. If, by his bad initiative, war breaks out in Europe, and countries are laid desolate, most heartily do I wish that the voice which bids millions of rifles fire may be silenced for ever in the hail of bullets it commanded." How well we remember her in those days—when she was the colleague of Bradlaugh.

Over 4,000 "Bullets" Prizes every week. See page 20.

A TRANSPORT TRAGEDY.

LET THOSE RESPONSIBLE BE BROUGHT TO ACCOUNT.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

WHILE it is the first duty of a General to kill off the enemy; it is his supreme responsibility not wantonly to sacrifice the lives of his own men. That, I take it, is an axiom—or, to put it another way, it is something that "goes without saying." Yet we have had ghastly evidence for a long while that there are many men in responsible positions in the Army who seem to care nothing for the health and lives of those committed to their care. Do not misunderstand me; this is no general charge. Yet there are such facts as were revealed in the horrors of Mesopotamia, and that ghastly troop-train tragedy at Karachi, that go to enforce the necessity of the keenest vigilance on the part of those who watch the interests of the "common" soldier.

Wrong Type of Army Doctor.

We are about to have an inquiry into Army medical arrangements at home and in France. Let that inquiry be sincere and thorough, and I am certain if the Committee reveal as well as discover the truth, much that is distressing, much that might have been avoided, will become public property. For many months past, the pages of JOHN BULL have borne witness to the wicked indifference of a certain type of Army doctor whose first duty should be the health of the men committed to his care. We know that in numerous cases when a man reports sick he is merely given a perfunctory examination and invoiced "M.D."—which means medicine and duty, and in not a few instances ultimately means the ruin of the soldier physically. There have been cases where sick men have been turned down as malingerers and sent off on route marches with the most unhappy, and sometimes actually fatal, results. Again, doctors have laid down hours of consultation to suit themselves, just like the sixpenny gentlemen in the slums, and have refused to see men outside those hours, although they are supposed to be on duty all the time. When you realise the immense power the Army doctor wields, power literally of life and death, it is the public duty of those who by pen or speech are able to expose these defects to refuse to remain silent or idle. Take that case which was exposed in these columns recently, where a number of C 3 men were perfunctorily examined and detailed for Mesopotamia. It is that sort of thing which means discontent and disaffection in His Majesty's forces, and it makes for weakness rather than strength in the ranks of the fighting men.

Value and Errors of Inoculation.

Another source of complaint—and it is a grievous one—arises out of the allegations of injury through vaccination and inoculation. Now I am not one of those who deny the preventive powers of vaccine or serum. In my view, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of treatment—witness the wonderful immunity of our Army in France from the fevers and affections which usually accompany a great military force. But I am against two things—coercion where personal option is conceded, and carelessness in the operation itself. And this brings me to what I can only describe as the scandal of the *Empress of Britain*, involving as it has done the deaths of one sergeant and five privates during the short voyage between Durban and Bombay. The bare fact was made public in the Battalion Orders issued by Colonel G. Laidlaw, commanding the 2nd F. S. Garrison Battalion of the Bedfordshires. It has now been stated that ten deaths in all took place on the short voyage. Now what is behind this? It is a proper question to ask, and it is one into which the War Office should hold a searching inquiry forthwith. Nothing less is demanded, for the sake of the relatives of the dead. Whether or not these poor fellows died from inoculation against typhoid with poisoned serum manufactured in Johannesburg—for that is the allegation—what is beyond question is that the men were sent to sea under disgraceful conditions.

A Deplorable State of Things.

Let me quote from a letter of a regimental chum of one of the unhappy victims, written from Karachi—ill-fated name! "We embarked on the *Empress of Britain*, April 13th, and sailed from Durban eight days after. The conditions were very bad; we had over 4,000 troops, besides officers and crew—roughly speaking, 5,000 altogether. During the eight days we lay off Durban, the Medical Officer condemned the bottom deck (F.), which was below the waterline; the other five were above the water. Also our Colonel did his best to have us transferred to another vessel, but was overruled by the Embarkation Officers. The whole ship was filthy and swarming with rats, beetles, and other live stock. You will understand when I tell you we had shirt inspection before sailing by the M.O., and in my company there were 220 out of 250 men who had stowaways (lice) on them. The circumstances were similar in other companies. But even this did not have any weight with the authorities. Our hammocks and blankets were condemned and exchanged; but the plates and mugs on the mess tables were tin, not enamel, and were coated with rust. . . As we had a large muster on board and short supply of water we were only allowed a wash every four days, the water being turned on for about an hour, and drinking water was doled out to each man by the M. police, who were on guard at each tap. There was also one sea-water canvas bath erected on deck for the use of troops, about 10 ft. by 8 ft., which was usually in a horrid state. One morning the crew were washing some dogs in it, which will give you an idea of the true state of affairs. . . . On the Wednesday following, April 25th, we were inoculated for typhoid, and all went well until Saturday (28th), when your son complained to me about his arm. On Church parade next morning he collapsed, and was taken into hospital. By the Tuesday, when the hospital was very crowded and men continually coming in with bad arms, he was too weak to read or do anything. On Thursday, May 3rd, on passing the hospital door I noticed his cot was empty, but thought he was better and had probably gone to wash." The soldier was dead, and with all the simple and reverent rites of the Church his body was committed to the waters. Such was the fate of five others, and in addition to these deaths from inoculation, thirty, I am informed, were taken into hospital from that cause alone.

Common Decency and Respect.

"It seems hard to us parents," writes the father of the unfortunate soldier whose case I am quoting, "that after our sons have given up wife, children, home and all that they hold dear to serve their country, more value is not set upon their lives by those in authority. We know they cannot expect to find the comforts they leave behind, but we do expect and demand that they should be treated with common decency and not like animals." Now, I repeat, there must have been gross blundering and criminal carelessness over the voyage of the *Empress of Britain*, and those responsible should be brought to account.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons.

DEAR MR. SPEAKER,—It seems that you were lately made the recipient of a resolution, passed by the Cumberland Branch of the No-Conscription Fellowship, demanding the suspension of penal measures against Conscientious Objects. Your reply was a model of force and precision, your Secretary being desired to say that "the Speaker has no sympathy whatever with men who will make no sacrifices, nor stir a finger, to assist their country in its hour of peril, but are content to see others suffer and do for them, while they sit at home at ease and profit from the necessities of the country." The plain truth of the matter could scarcely have found more forcible expression. Well spoken, sir!

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. T. B. McNulty, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Leamington.

REV. FRIEND,—Several of your parishioners have sent me copies of your magazine, marking in it some thoughts of yours on air raids and reprisals. You repeat, I notice, a contention which becomes more and more familiar—and let me say more and more unpleasant—as an emanation of pulpiteers: to wit, that the Germhuns are entitled to bomb London, as it is the chief military centre at the heart of the Empire. "Why then," you ask, "should it not be bombed by our enemies? Women and children are killed; that is indeed tragic and infinitely sad; but, alas, it is war, and how can it be avoided?" Having said this, you assert that "to my mind the talk of reprisals is utterly foolish." There is in all this, Mr. Vicar, a Germhun accent which I cannot pretend to like, and which in a man who thinks in terms of Britain is difficult to understand as logic—for every Germhun town of importance is a military town in a much truer sense than you say London is, and therefore the British are "perfectly justified" in bombing it. To apply your words, "Women and children may be killed; that would be indeed tragic and infinitely sad; but, alas, it is war, and how can it be avoided?" Germhun physic for Germhuns; that is the way to kill or cure them—and to those with a clear understanding of the soul of Germhuny, the only way.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Canon Laws, Rector, St. Peter's, Bristol.

DEAR CANON,—Your sturdy attitude in regard to the question of reprisals appears to rest upon a sounder understanding of the Germhun character than does Mr. McNulty's. "The German still believes," you remind us, "that this war is going to pay if he can only keep it going long enough," and "until he is brought face to face with the horrors of war in his own land he will go on." Therefore you counsel a vigorous offensive by every available means, with aerial raids on an increasing scale. The Hun, you declare, must be "made to suffer." Sound doctrine, sir!

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman E. W. Worlledge, Mayor of Great Yarmouth.

DEAR YOUR WORSHIP,—It seems just that publicity should be given to your grievance against the Government in the matter of State Insurance for damage by air raids and bombardment. I cannot recapitulate in detail the discussion that took place at a recent meeting of your Town Council—but, on the facts before me, I am satisfied that some of your residents have been most unfairly treated, receiving from the Government very much less than a square deal. However, I am glad to notice that you do not intend to take things lying down. Let me know if I can help.

JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Axford and Sons (Warwick Agency), 154, Walton Street, S.W.

SIRS,—In your zeal for business you seem lately to have overstepped the limits of common decency. I have before me a letter which you recently saw fit to address to the relatives of a soldier killed in action at the Front—a harsh and unfeeling epistle in which you propose for your private profit to purchase the uniform and other effects of the dead hero. This indecent production has been forwarded to me with an indignant protest from the bereaved father, whose anger I fully share. Such trading methods are utterly disgusting. Happily, they are rare.

JOHN BULL.

To St. Loe Strachey, Esq., Editor of "The Spectator."

DEAR MR. STRACHEY,—So far, you have remained silent under the very serious suggestions put forward in JOHN BULL concerning the "Strength of Britain" Movement. Those suggestions were based, not only on the charges made against the Executive Committee by the ex-Honorary Secretary, Mr. Arthur Mee, but were influenced by your almost secret withdrawal from this Prohibition movement, in whose support you have drawn a large sum of money from the pockets of your readers. If facts came to your knowledge which induced misgivings in your mind, it was your duty to stay and seek to remedy matters—not run away and leave the management to those whose conduct was impugned. You are surely a trustee for the *Spectator* subscriptions, and as such there is still time for you to do your obvious duty.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Frank Salmon, Langton Rectory, Blandford.

SIR,—I have before me a letter in which you inform an inquirer that you are prepared to grant a licence for a soldier's marriage for 35s., that being the concession during the war for "soldiers and sailors under commissioned rank." In ordinary times, you say, the fee would be £3 0s. 6d. But how, in the name of Hymen, do you expect a man who is earning a shilling a day to pay this kind of sum? And, in the name of morality, don't you think it would be wise to make some nominal charge—say, 5s.—instead of quoting what to many must be a prohibitive price? It is only because so many men come back on short leave and desire to marry while they are at home that these licences are necessary. And at once the Church takes advantage of their necessity. I quote this case not because you are worse than other members of the cloth, but because it is typical of that want of consideration which the Church should be eager to extend to our fighting men. Don't you see the folly and unfairness of it all?

JOHN BULL.

To Oswald Stoll, Esq.

DEAR STOLL,—Recently I was moved to plead the cause of the chorus girl who is expected to give weeks of rehearsal in revue without a penny of salary—a condition of things scandalous in itself, and one full of shameful possibilities. You, I understand, have given a lead to other music-halls by paying half salaries for rehearsals; and while I put on record this kindly and humane act of yours I, at the same time, beg of you to do all you can to induce other managers to follow your example. I know you to be a public-spirited man, and I am wondering whether you would agree to use your great position in the Variety world to start a Chorus Girls' Union. It would be a fine move, and one that you would never regret. Please think it over.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. J. Christ, 2, Willowbrook Road, Peckham.

SIR,—According to your Deed Poll announcement in the Press, you, a general dealer, have had the temerity to change your surname from "Davies" to "Christ." I suppose it did not occur to you to make this blasphemous alteration for the sake of advertisement, but I am unable to find any plausible reason for appropriating a name which is held sacred throughout the Christian world. Huns conceal their identity by masquerading as Englishmen, but why a man with the decent name of Davies should risk the contumely of his fellows, as you have done, passes my understanding. Spend another few shillings and change back again!

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Skegness District Council.

DEAR SIR,—For the sake of the good name of your Council, you would be well advised to take note of the public dissatisfaction over that matter of the Canadian Relief Fund. The money was subscribed for the assistance of distressed boarding and lodging-house keepers, but so far a balance sheet showing how the fund has been disposed of has not been forthcoming. One Councillor has alleged that other members "have received money who are neither boarding nor lodging-house keepers, or even in distress." That is a very grave charge, and it is one that you, as Chairman, must see cannot be disregarded. A balance sheet would make things plainer, wouldn't it?

JOHN BULL.

AN ARMY OF HARPIES.

THE MEN WHO ARE PROLONGING THE WAR BY CORRUPTION.

BY A. G. HALES.

IN the days of the Spartans, men who made a profit out of their own kinsmen in time of war were offal-eaters. No name, no phrase we can coin to-day will better fit, or more aptly describe similar men of our own nationality who even at this hour are battening upon the British public, whilst the foe stands in arms against us. Offal-eaters they are—unclean, degenerate—who make a profit out of the necessities of the dependents of the gallant men who are fighting by land and sea for this nation's rights. Nay, more; some of these pariahs make a profit out of the warriors' themselves—can any name in our vocabulary be base enough to fit these shameless ones who prey upon the needs of the soldiers? They are like lice nesting in a lion's mane, and we must rid the land of them. A little time ago I wrote, with all the force at my command, on this subject, and pointed out that, in all probability, some of these "offal-eaters" would use a portion of their plunder to purchase titles, by subscribing to Party funds in exchange for "honours." That article in JOHN BULL was taken cognisance of in high places; the Lords made it the subject of a two-hours' debate, and nearly every speaker admitted the truth of my contentions. But the Lords *did nothing*. I warn the Peers that the People of Great Britain do not mean to allow this matter to rest. It shall not be shelved. If noble Lords will not make a real and determined effort to keep their Order and their House clean, the people will clean it for them. It is not enough for the Upper Chamber to know and admit that "honours" are prostituted; it is their duty to the nation to stop the prostitution, and stop it now. JOHN BULL is the voice articulate of millions of sane, sound men and women of all kinds and conditions; and those people say in tones unmistakable that the plundering of the public purse has to cease, and that no stolen money shall buy admission to the ranks of the peerage.

Lord Curzon's Admissions.

On the floor of the House of Lords, Lord Curzon is reported to have admitted that "Party Whips" accept money in return for titles, and he had the supreme impudence to defend the rotten system. It was an admission which, in my judgment, placed these Party Whips on a par with a common "fence," or receiver of stolen goods. If the noble Lord has been correctly reported, his arguments do as little credit to his mentality as to his political morality. Had Lord Curzon been the champion of a crusade started to obliterate the peerage, he could have uttered nothing more damning to his Order than his defence of a system which, to my mind, is devoid of common decency and bankrupt in morality. His noble colleague, Lord Salisbury, walked on higher ground and spoke like a true-born English gentleman—not mincing matters, or cloaking the foulness below the surface. If Lord Curzon's statements are to be accepted as the standard of political morality, then the sooner the whole existing state of affairs politic is swept away in an indignant burst of national feeling, the better for the welfare of the Empire—for, according to his reported line of logic, the House of Commons can be corrupted by money and the House of Lords be made the dumping ground for the rich but unsavoury. I know that this thing stank to heaven, but I did not think that any noble Lord would so far demean himself as to profess to enjoy the stench. There has recently been talk amongst our public men of putting an end to the putrid practice of robbery within the law that has been flagrantly in evidence here ever since war was declared; but nothing worth while has been done. Vast sums of money have been, and are being, drawn as "commissions" for doing nothing. Millions have been paid out of the public purse during the past three years on grounds that no person in private business would entertain for a moment. I would give names and amounts, but in almost every case brought to my notice the information has been tendered under the seal of confidence. But that which a private individual cannot do, a public official could easily achieve if backed by a Government that really meant to stop this awful drain on the public purse. Many big men stand suspect; they have books and banking accounts that can, and should, be examined.

Prolonging the War.

The corruption in high places is prolonging the war; and every day the war is prolonged men are being maimed and killed. We give a man to the gallows for assisting at a single murder; what shall be done to the men who, by their greed of personal gain, create obstacles that compel our armies to fight, and so render themselves accessories before the fact in the matter of unnecessary butchery? I know it is an awful assertion to place before the public, but it is my belief that this war would have been won, and well won, by the end of the third year, if it had not been for the great army of harpies who have been enriching themselves out of the carnage. Yet we must go on until Germany is absolutely and utterly crushed; until her militarism is a thing of the past; until a permanent peace is assured—and it can never be assured until Germany is rendered powerless for evil. I believe she will be crushed. British democracy will not consent to a peace that does not bring retribution and justice in its wake. I do not consider that day distant; but that is no reason why we should allow our own stable to become unutterably foul. It is foul, now, almost beyond belief, and the men who should punish with an iron hand—careless alike of wealth, rank or social status—seem to stand ever ready to whitewash those of the culprits who have made for themselves a golden shield. Think of it—a shield made out of the pickings and stealings from our own people! I confess I can see no way out of the tangled maze of corruption unless the masses bestir themselves. The masses need a great Tribune—a man of granite, who will smite—and smite to the bone. I am not concerned so much about Germany now—I think she is nearly done with. It is the aftermath. *Are we to come out clean;* or are we to carry this foul fungus, that has grown in the lap of war, into the days of peace? If so, God help us! For the nation's sacrifices will be vain. We want a stern reckoning—a grim payment of our claim against those of our blood who have been vampires. They say they will appeal to the law, and the law will uphold them because they have kept just within the law. But law does not always represent justice—and it is justice, not law, that must be our guiding star—the stern uncompromising justice embodied in the Ten Commandments. One of the ten says, unequivocally, "Thou shalt not steal." It does not say anything about pardon because you steal within the law. And if I have read the British character aright, the people as a whole are no longer going to be satisfied with nicely adjusted legal quibbles. The question they are going to ask is, "Did you give value, in money or in kind, for the thousands you filched from the public purse?" A plain question, easily answered by all honest men—but, in its straightforward simplicity, a fiercely fatal question for all home-made rascals to reply to. They may let meat, wheat and potatoes alone for a while now, but they are after your coal this winter—watch it!

WILLIE'S "PLOT."

"What will the harvest be?"

LIFTING THE VEIL.

HOW THE MYSTERY V.C. EARNED UNDYING FAME.

Gallant Lieut. Commander W. E. Sanders, R.N.R.—the "Mystery V.C."—went to the grave with the tale of his great deeds untold as a heart-stirring incentive to other Britons, nor has the silence been broken since by the Government, though he is now beyond the danger of reprisals from the enemy, whilst publication of the details—with obviously necessary reservations—can add nothing to the knowledge of the German Admiralty. It is, apparently, just another of those pin-pricks which the Tite Barnacles at Whitehall have so frequently bestowed upon the long-suffering, purse-opening public. We propose, therefore, to remedy the omission by supplementing the bald official announcement, made as recently as June 22nd, that the Cross was bestowed "in recognition of conspicuous gallantry, consummate coolness and skill in command of one of His Majesty's ships in action." Sanders was in charge of an anti-submarine craft which was attacked by the enemy, the vessel being riddled with shell and every member of the crew except himself wounded. Undaunted, he fought the submarine, handled his gun personally, and eventually sank the enemy—in the process killing thirteen of her crew and capturing four, whom he brought prisoners into port. He was also in charge of a vessel which sent four other U-boats to the bottom—so he well earned the undying gratitude and admiration of all haters of maritime devilry. Of such deeds and of such a doer may it be truly said that "The glory dies not, and the grief is past." Perhaps the authorities will *now* tell us for what brave action Commander Gordon Campbell—the other "Mystery V.C."—received *his* award? Happily, this gallant officer is still with us. It is repugnant to the generous sentiment of the British public that the brave acts of their heroic sons for the nation should be coldly recorded only in some secret official dossier. The Empire's sons worthily uphold the traditions of former glorious days—let the world have the proof!

SIXPENCE A DAY AND INCOME TAX.

WHAT THE FUNNY SURVEYOR OF NOTTING HILL WROTE.

Surveyors of Taxes are not humorists as a rule, but they have got a real funny one at Notting Hill. Taking him all in all, he is probably worth his weight in coal. This is the first time we have seen him on any stage—in the company of a private soldier whose name we shall keep to ourselves. "I do not dispute the amount of the £2 7s. 7d. income tax," the soldier says, "but I wrote to the Surveyor saying I could not pay with my present lack of means, and that I had to make an allotment from my Army pay to my mother. I have just returned from a winter in France, and have had to endure out there the hardships which those at home cannot be expected to realise. I have been over twice with my battalion, and have seen enough of the horrors and sorrows of war to make me wonder, when I get a letter in reply like this, what and who I am really fighting for: 'Inland Revenue. Surveyor of Taxes. (Notting Hill), 76, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, W., August 14th, 1917. WB. E. 951, 1915-16. Dear Sir,—The sum of £2 7s. 7d. tax arrear relates to the year ended April, 1916, and has to be paid to the local collector, Mr. R. W. Webb, 8, Westbourne Grove, W. It is ridiculous to say you cannot pay £2 7s. 7d. out of a salary of £146. If you have not the cash handy, you had better ask your people to lend you a trifle. If, as stated, you make your mother an allotment out of your Army pay, I suppose that means she is in receipt of funds from the War Office. So it will simply be a question of one person lending another a small amount for the time being. Yours faithfully, H. G. Cole.' His last paragraph is humorous in its simplicity," comments the soldier. "You will understand my net Army pay has been 6d. a day for the last twelve months! I shall pay up as soon as my circumstances resume the normal." Of course he will—pay up like a man and a brother. Till then the Surveyor will perchance excuse him, for dear Mr. Cole is a merry old soul.

THE KAISER

A Deep Scheme of Devilry—Misc

By THE E

THINGS are moving a bit at last, aren't they? Verdun—Lens—the Italian front—Zeebrugge, have been fairly lively of late; and there are yet several weeks of good fighting weather before the winter comes to the rescue of the demoralised and startled enemy. If only Russia had stood firm! Can you doubt, in that case, that we should all have been able to sit down to our Christmas dinner freed at last from the heart-racking care of war? But, alas! as with Turkey and Bulgaria, so with Russia—our wise and wonderful diplomatists were fooled. And Mr. Balfour defends the system under which, behind the people's back, the foreign affairs of the nation are handled and settled by the band of international courtiers who have bungled and blundered all over the world! Still, thank God, where these men have failed, the soldier and the sailor and the airman have come to the rescue. And behold the Kaiser's plight. Surely the most pessimistic of my readers must now begin to see at least the beginning of the end. *When* will it be? How often is that question put to me? Yet who is there who will dare to pretend to answer it? The Man in the Street—that shrewdly intelligent person who has no access to official figures or to the information furnished by the Secret Service—tries to find a reply to the insistent query. Politicians, public men—those of us who have sources of information denied to the many—seek to find an answer. At the best, it is mere speculation. But we attempt to reason from well-known facts and obvious tendencies, and thus to see the war in its true perspective, until we are able to gaze down the long avenues of the dead, through the dark forest of awful memories, towards the light that is shining out there in the noon-day of triumph. In the past some of us have sought to visualise the truth and to make an estimate of the probabilities. But our estimates have been upset by unforeseeable contingencies, and defeated hopes have sometimes made the heart sick. Still, to-day speculation is giving place to certainty. There is less occasion for guessing; firmer ground is before us—and when we come to cast the balance sheet, to make up the accounts to date, to estimate profit and loss, the outstanding result is that victory is at length assured, although the day, the hour, of our triumph cannot be definitely foretold.

No False Peace.

There is peace in the air; or, rather, peace talk—which is by no means the same thing. But the peace that is talked of by friends of the Hun is so vile and criminal that we must continue to regard it as some unclean thing. I want peace—you want peace; every man or woman in this Empire of ours to-day who has a heart to feel and eyes for burning tears is praying for the day when there shall be no more slaughter and blood—when the Angel of Death shall beat his wings in vain against the lintels of our hopes, and when son and husband, father and lover, shall return to those who for long weary months have gone to rest in misery and risen only to begin another day of doubt and fear. We who read our papers with feverish anxiety, and cast eyes of dread down the pallid casualty lists—those cold columns which yet seem to concentrate the agony and grief of an Empire at war; they are printed in blood and watered with our tears—want this thing to end. How passionately we wish it; what would we not give to shorten it by one day! But we know that we have reached the crisis. We are conscious that the friends—open and covert—of our foul enemy are making desperate efforts to bring the war to a close—not that a long golden era of peace may ensue, but that Germany may be spared the penalties of defeat. It has been said a thousand times, but it will bear repeating—indeed, it must be declared from the house-tops so that the breath of patriotism may scatter the poisonous seed sown by the pro-German and the Pacifist. If that seed fell upon fruitful ground, a rank crop would arise that would destroy the fair flower of victory.

Sooner than You Think.

Germany is beaten. For months she has known that her triumph is impossible. All that she dreamed and schemed for has been brought to nought. She planned for world domination—she is faced with world damnation. She strove to implant her foul heel upon the fair face of civilisation; but the foot of Prussianism has faltered—the brutal tread is broken. Yet, while Germany has lost, we have not yet won. The Hun and the Hohenzollern are defeated, but the Empire and the Allies must fight on to the end, that we may ensure a great victory. We could have peace to-morrow. But on what terms? We could break our rifles, sheathe our swords, turn our guns into bulk metal again, and proclaim a wide-world friendship—a universal "brotherhood of man." All this could be achieved; but it would be the achievement of Hell, the price of death. The enemy is ready for peace, but for a German peace—one that would leave him strong with a strength which would be a menace to mankind. The day of peace with Germany before we have battered the Hun out of France and blasted him out of Flanders—two processes which are now in operation with glorious promise—is impossible because it would be our crime, an Empire's unforgivable sin. To stretch out the hand across the ensanguined fields, to touch the unclean thing at Potsdam, to parley with the blood-lusters and the ravishers, would be to betray humanity and barter away the world's freedom. It would be a course so despicable, so degenerate, that only a nightmare of despair could make it even thinkable. And what cause have we for even a moment's misgiving? Is there any cloud on the horizon of our hopes? Victory is assured, and *it may come sooner than you think!* I sometimes wonder what would have happened if we who were so long sneered at as the incurable optimists had suffered from the dyspepsia of pessimism, and had taken our places at the table of the sickly and the pale-faced who live on doubt and grow ever leaner with misgiving. We should by now have lost the war—that I declare in all seriousness. Think of the gloomy predictions of these doubting Thomases;

TO ABDICATE.

ischief Afoot—Be on Your Guard!

EDITOR.

recall their mouthings and croakings—their misunderstanding of British manhood, their gross misreading of the national temper. But for the Sunny Jims—men who, believing in the might and mission of the British Empire, knew that defeat was impossible and triumph certain—the long-faced prognosticators of evil would have made some impression on the public mind at a time of nervous tension. But, thanks to those who held the true faith—faith in the British heart, and the true blue of its blood—we are to-day strong and united. God grant we may keep so till the hour of triumph!

The Kaiser Beaten.

Everything that is happening—our victories; Germany's defeats; our certainty that the cause is a just one; the ever-growing evidences of the enemy's infamous aims—is calculated to strengthen our resolve and to steel our hearts. Can anyone who has read the amazing revelations of America's late Ambassador doubt the nature and the purpose of our foe? Of course I mean the aims with which he *entered* upon the war—vastly different from the objects he will have surrendered by the time we allow him to crawl, crushed and beaten, from the battle-field. These revelations present the guilt of the Kaiser as blood-red; they paint him as I have done in the past, as a cruel, mad monarch, stinking of self-pride and glorification—a moral degenerate, unable to distinguish right from wrong, ready to coo like any sucking dove when he has thought cajolery paid, and at any moment showing himself in his true colours as a murderous bully, a crowned fiend—an Imperial blackguard. I can picture him dressed in his gorgeous uniform, his cruel breast plastered with those meaningless jewels and stars which, in the petty make-believe of peace days, Monarchs were wont to bestow upon each other. I can see him seated in his Castle, ordering and dictating the harvest of blood, concocting lying telegrams, inventing fraudulent statements, using every instrument, from fawning officials down to a degraded and debased Press—all to make war inevitable. That blow that was struck at liberty when, at the orders of the Kaiser, the Prussian boot trod deep into the soil of Belgium, was the beginning of the end for the Hohenzollern hound and his war lords. Its echo reverberated through Christendom, its offence spread over the lands and the waters of the world, and to-day there is nothing that is great and noble among men that is not ranged in implacable hatred against the German. What if Germany had won in those first mad strokes for power? What if this country, and the Empire which has become its shield and defender, had stood aside and left gallant France to meet those felon blows? We know to-day what a big risk we took. We know to-day that France was little better prepared than ourselves—and the risk *she* took. Verily, it makes one believe in miracles! And it justifies the most sanguine prophecies of ultimate triumph.

The Chastened Kaiser.

But, leaving aside for the moment all attempts at prophecy, let us endeavour to assimilate the "atmosphere" of the situation. Can anyone doubt that the enemy has had enough? It is no secret that for months past Austria has been yearning for peace. True to her history, she has fought badly—with an eye always "on the main chance." Do you remember that dramatic declaration of old Gladstone—during the historic Midlothian campaign? Let me recall it: "There is no spot on the map of God's earth on which any man can place his finger and say, with truth, 'There Austria did good.'" And that statement is as true to-day as it was thirty-seven years ago. With the death of the old Emperor came her overtures for a separate peace with Italy. How near that event came to happening the public may never know. Suffice it to say that the Kaiser ultimately prevailed over young Charles to remain at his side. But he is a most unstable Ally, and at any moment may break away. Indeed, it is certain that Austria is taking the initiative in these peace overtures. It was Austria who prepared the Pope's manifesto—*and it was Austria who released Captain Stanley Wilson, M.P.* Watch Austria! And observe the changed tone of the Kaiser. No longer does he sneer at Britain—"England is the foe," he says; "our task is an obstinate one," he confesses; "God has set us a big task," he whines. And well may he whine. One more winter campaign—and he is finished. I'll be a prophet once more, to that extent at any rate.

The Kaiser to Abdicate.

So be of good cheer, my brethren. The God of Battles is with us. As the Kaiser says, He is subjecting us all to a stiff examination; but have no doubt to whom the prizes will be awarded. If Lens falls—or, rather, when it falls—be prepared for a surprise. I have reason—good reason—to believe that, unable to delude his people any longer, the Kaiser will take the only step possible to save his neck. He will abdicate—and some new form of Government, not under the Crown Prince, will then join with Russia in an appeal for peace. Don't dismiss this as mere fantasy and speculation. Believe me, the War Cabinet knows something about it. Indeed, what I am telling you is the explanation of these oft-reiterated offers to discuss peace terms "only with the German people, and not with the Prussian military party." But some of us will have something to say on the matter, when the time comes. As I have said before, this is a People's war, and we will see to it that it is a People's peace. I am not enamoured of the doctrine that we have no quarrel with the German nation. I regard the whole breed with contempt and loathing. I want to see it humbled to the very dust. And when the Kaiser does abdicate, see to it that even *that* is not one of his tricks—to trap us into peace negotiations, nominally with his people, that, when the sword is sheathed, he and his foul crew may come back. Ah, we shall need to walk very warily. We are fighting a veritable devil. The Russian "revolution" was engineered by him; and Stockholm is his next card—whilst Austria exploits the Vatican. Be on your guard. There is mischief afoot.

GERMHUNS ON THE JOB.

"THEY DO AS THEY LIKE AT BRAMLEY."

According to a correspondent who has for several months had opportunities of observing the British and Germhuns at Bramley Works, near Basingstoke, "The Germhuns are treated as lords and can do as they like. They leave the compound at a certain time and get to their work at their leisure, and choose the jobs they wish to go on. They nearly all have walking sticks always with them, and do nothing without them; no matter where they go or what they do, they must have their sticks. What would be said if a British workman carried a walking stick to his work? I have known Germhuns to be labourers on one job and mechanics on another. They meet in gangs and the interpreter reads the newspaper to them, and then they talk as long as they like about the war. They leave work for dinner twenty minutes before time, and don't get back until twenty minutes after work is started. It is the same leaving off at night—always on the move to the compound twenty minutes before the British. Some sit about and smoke their long pipes; others wander round the hedges and pick flowers. It is a fine picnic for them. If they see a Red Cross train go by—and they see a good many—they jeer and sneer and laugh. It is all pure delight to them. The Germhuns have shelter and latrines put up for them all over the works, and cisterns for clean water. Nothing of the sort for the Britishers; right back all last winter they had to get *their* water out of a ditch or a stream. The Germhuns here are all prisoners of war. They get more meat than a British soldier does, and have more liberty than the guards put over them. I have been right through the job, and we had no control over them whatever." One result of the war, let us hope, will be Britain for the Britons.

"ALL FOR ONE."

THE SEQUEL TO OUR RECENT STORY.

Readers will remember that we told of a soldier, who had lost a leg, and who returned to the Crown Tube Works, Wednesbury, on the faith of a promise of re-instatement made when he enlisted. A Manager ordered him outside, saying it was no place for him. Men who overheard this, reported to their mates, and the whole of the workers, over a thousand, marched out in a body. It is now announced that the dispute has been settled by the resignation of the Manager. The Committee of the National Employers' Federation decided that his conduct did not justify a refusal to work, but the men, in many hundreds, stuck to their guns in justice to Private Smith, the hero with one leg. Smith has gone back to the works, and the Manager's resignation has been accepted. So all's well that ends well, especially if the lesson has been learned that promises made to soldiers must be kept, or every worker in the land will know why.

"WAR BABIES" REVIVED.

UNMERITED SLUR ON THE KHAKI.

Some considerable time back we were compelled to criticise the Mission of Hope, 30, Denman Street, London Bridge, S.E. A recent circular, issued by "Janet Wallis, Founder and Hon. Director," demands further notice. One of its passages runs: "Many of these are honest, well-intentioned girls, who perhaps with the strange infatuation of khaki have, in a weak moment, yielded against their better judgment, and now live bitterly and soberly to regret their compromised position." We had been in hopes that the "War Babies" scandal and libel was laid away—scotched, killed, and done with. But here it again pops up offensively. Such wholesale condemnation of "khaki" is distressing. More, it is unfair and untrue. When there are millions of young fellows in uniform, it is manifestly impossible but that there shall be some transgressions, human nature being what it is.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

A QUEER PARABLE FROM LEIGH-ON-SEA.

A Leigh-on-Sea reader sends us what he vouches as a might-be-true tale. He says an old lady had a piece of bread which she could not eat, as it was war bread, and upset her under her apron. She knew she must not throw it in the dust-bin or give it to the fowls, as she would be fined. She went round among her neighbours asking them to have it for nothing, but they were filled and did not want it. So she went into the streets of the just and the unjust, and offered it to all who passed by, hoping to fill the hungry. None, however, would take it, and many scorned her and scoffed at her. Presently a policeman came that way and alleged that she was obstructing the footpath. She explained her good intentions, but the policeman was adamant and bade her go her way, lest worse befall her. "But what am I to do with the bread?" she demanded. "Move on," he said, and pushed her before him. Next morning the unfortunate woman went to the local Police Court and appeared before the Cadi. Having told him all the particulars of her woe, she asked his advice. "O, Cadi," she cried with wild salaam, "what shall I do with the bread that I cannot eat? It gives me pains in the dining-room, and I wish it not to eat." "Woman," he said, "I know not." "Have a bit yourself; you'll find it somewhat hard and sticky, but I can spare it." "Begone, woman," flashed the Cadi, "you are wasting the time of the Court." "I shall leave it here," she said, decisively, "in the mouth of the Law," and she banged the bread down before him on the desk, so that all the people marvelled. "Return the bread unto her, policeman," said the Cadi, "for the mouth of the Law is filled, and repletion is discomfort." Thereupon the policeman advanced to give the woman back the bread. "No," was her firm reply, "the Law has it in keeping, blessed be the name of the Law." And she vanished from the midst.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The Huns thought the Atlantic wide
Would keep Sam on the 'other side;
But "Birds o' Freedom" (battle planes)
Will soon be pulping German brains.

If coal is brought to us by water
The railway says it didn't oughter;
But, seeing that our stocks are short,
What does it matter *how* it's brought?

Now Russia's sagging at the knees,
Comes stiffening from the Japanese;
Thus nations that of old were foes
Unite to deal the Kaiser blows.

Offer to Overseas Soldiers and Sailors.

Do you long for some of your old fine home-made cut plug? Of course you do. Then make a bee line for the nearest Tobacconist's and ask for

Godfrey Phillips'
"GRAND CUT"
VIRGINIA

Just rub and roll it as you did your old home-town smoke, and you will feel "at home" at once. It's got the flavour all right. Just you try it.

Per 7½d. oz.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Sleeplessness and "Nerves."

SEVERE CASE COMPLETELY CURED.

Mrs. Longthorn, 1, Herbert Place, Princess Street, Masboro', Rotherham, says: "I was in a dreadful state of weakness, with my nerves all shattered, and utterly broken in health. I could hardly eat anything, and I never had any real rest. When I dozed off I had dreadful dreams of falling and other horrors that made me wake again with a start. My nerves became so bad that I was afraid to cross the street. I suffered terribly with wind too.

"I had medicine, but nothing did me any good. Then, at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and almost from the first they helped me. Now I can eat and sleep like other people, and feel quite well and strong."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

FREE FROM IRON. DO NOT CONSTIPATE.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for:

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Troubles	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

FREE INFORMATION.

If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: Dept. C., Dr. CASSELL'S Co., LTD., Chester Road, Manchester.

FREE £100 SCHOLARSHIP

For Boys and Girls.

Free Education at University or Abroad. Great Dutton Shorthand Offer.

Every reader of John Bull can acquire the complete theory of Dutton's Shorthand, the simplest high-speed system, in 24 hours. There are only six rules to learn.

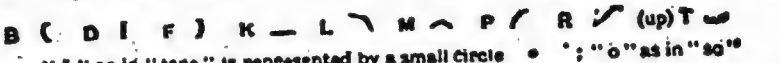
DUTTON WRITERS SET UP A NEW RECORD.

84 per cent. of the Dutton Shorthand Writers entering the 1917 examinations held by the National Union of Teachers passed, and the great majority of these successful pupils were classed "First distinction" or "First class." The average number of passes obtained by writers of systems other than Dutton's at the R.S.A. examinations, held from 1911 to 1916, was 67.00 only. These results confirm the claim that Dutton shorthand notes are read back more accurately than those of any other system.

One pupil gained a First-class certificate at 60 words per minute after but 41 hours' study and practice.

THE FIRST LESSON.

Try your hand at the following first lesson:—



"A" as in "tape" is represented by a small circle ; "o" as in "so" by a large circle ; while the short "e" as in "let" is always omitted.

In shorthand the sounds of words are written, no notice being taken of the longhand spelling. Thus "lake" would be represented by the signs for l, a, k, "boat" by b, o, t.

The circle vowels are written inside curves, but outside angles caused by the joining of two strokes. Thus rake , roll , dell , dale , dole , bail , bowl , bell , fail , foal , fell , bow , broke , bake , baker , fail , frail , trailer .

R is added to any stroke doubled in length, as pay , pray ,

EXERCISE.

Now try the following exercise:

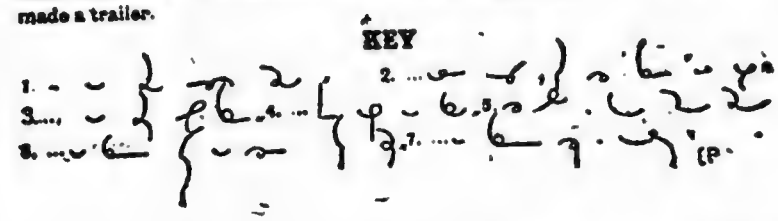
Lake, l, a, k. ; fair, f, a, r. ; deck, d, k. ;
prayed, pr, a, d ; afraid, a.fr.a.d ; lame, l, a, m, ;
take, t, a k, ; droll, dr, o, l ; draper, dr,a,pr ;
prefer, pr, fr, ; roam, r, o, m, ; mole, m, o, l ;
probe, pr, o, b ; crater, kr, a, tr, ; rate, r, a, t ;
pearl, pr, l, ; maker, m, a, kr ; trader, tr, a, dr ;
depreciate, d, pr, k, a, t ; perpetrate, pr, p, tr, a, t .

SENTENCES

Now see if you are already capable of writing sentences. "The" and "to" are denoted by the t stroke , "a" by a dot .

1. The freight came late. 2. Take care, Fred may break the tape. 3. The frail rope broke. 4. Derek towed the boat. 5. May wrote a better letter later. 6. The baker preferred to make a bread loaf. 7. The broker made a trailer.

KEY



YOUR BOY'S CAREER.

How Dutton's Shorthand Will Help It.

Every boy who is striving for a scholarship, studying for the University, or commencing to earn his own living, should learn DUTTON'S SHORTHAND.

A knowledge of Dutton's Shorthand will enable him to keep a permanent record of all instruction given by his teacher, and to refer to his notes at any time for information. Shorthand will improve his memory, teach accuracy, train his mind to work quickly and make prompt decisions.

SHORTHAND AT MARCONI HOUSE.

A 16-year old student recently wrote:—

"I am learning Wireless Telegraphy at Marconi House, and you have no idea how useful your shorthand is for taking down lectures, etc. As I can report an average speaker, I get down four times as much as the boys who write the ordinary longhand."

GREAT £100 SCHOLARSHIP OFFER.

Free Education at University or Abroad.

A Scholarship to the value of £100 is now offered to the British boy or girl of not more than 17 years of age who reaches the highest speed in Dutton's Shorthand by July 1st, 1918. Every boy or girl in the British Isles should therefore at once commence to learn the system, as the fact that the examination will not be held for ten months will give every writer an equal chance. The winner of the Scholarship will be given the choice of taking a three years' course in Science, Arts, or Commerce at one of the British Universities, of travelling to France, Spain or Italy to acquire the native language, or of utilising the £100 as part of the premium required to become articled to the legal, medical, or engineering, or any other professional vocation. This £100 Scholarship will be offered every year.

SPECIAL £25 AWARD TO TEACHERS.

A special prize of £25 will be awarded to the teacher of the successful student each year. Young people attending schools or institutes where the Dutton system has not yet been introduced are invited to send the name and address of the Principal to the author of Dutton's Shorthand, so that arrangements may be made at once for a class to be formed.

DUTTON SHORTHAND AT L.C.C. INSTITUTES.

Dutton's Shorthand Classes will be held at several of the London County Council Commercial Institutes during the coming winter, and a list will be forwarded on application. Students attending these classes will, of course, be eligible to enter the Scholarship examination.

WHY WASTE MONTHS OVER OTHER SYSTEMS?

Dutton's Shorthand is accepted in all Government Offices; Shorthand clerks are wanted everywhere; 250 women clerks are wanted every week in France. Why commit yourself to several months' hard labour with an 80-year-old system, when with the modern Dutton system you can obtain a speed of from 120 words a minute upwards in a few weeks?

SEND TO-DAY!

A comparison of the system with the Pitman, Sloan-Duployan, and Gregg methods, particulars of the £100 Scholarship, of the Day and Evening Classes conducted at the London Branch, 92 and 93, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1 (four doors west of the British Museum), and of the special POSTAL Course of Tuition will be forwarded to every reader sending stamp to Dutton's Business College (Room J.), Skegness.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. H. G. WELLS.

Good *mornin'*, sir! And 'ow are *you*, sir? In the pink, I 'ope. . . *Not feelin' over brisk?* Well, I was afraid you wasn't, sir. I was thinkin' only larst week that you must be a bit orf colour. . . *Wot gave me that impression?* It was a letter you wrote to the *Daily Mail*. W'en I read it, I thert to me-elf, "This ain't my worthy occasional client, Mr. H. G. Wells, nor is it the famous, patriotic author of 'Mr. Britling Sees It Through'; this is some new Wells wot I 'aven't 'ad the pleasure o' knowin' before." But w'en I read the letter wot chew sent to the Press larst week, I ses to meself, "Well, well! Mr. Wells carn't be so well as wot 'e is as a rule." I s'pose you read wot the papers 'ad to say about you? They say you've "boxed the compass" since 1914, and that now you're urgin' us to declare our terms o' peace so as to give the 'Uns a charnce to come to 'em an' stop the wore. Well, sir, wot I ses is that you carn't 'ave thort wot chew was a-writing of. W'en the wore broke out you sed, "We mean to conquer. We are prepared for every disaster, for intolerable stresses, for bankruptcy, for hunger, for anythink but defeat. . . We mean to fight this wore to its very finish." You didn't say "to the finish," or "to a finish," but "*to its very finish.*" Wot did jew mean? You gave yore own explanation. You sed "We must fight on to extinction rather than submit to a dishonourable peace in defeat, or *to any premachewer settlement.*" That was you then, and everybody worthy o' the name o' Briton was with you, 'eart an' soul. But now you 'ave arsked: "W'y does the waste an' killin' go on?" I'll tell yer. Becos we aven't fought the wore "*to its very finish.*" Becos we 'aven't done yet wot chew sed we 'ad gotter do. That's w'y. Becos we're takin' the good advice wot chew gave us w'en the wore broke out. But in a later letter you arsk: "Do we purpose to end this wore with orl Germany in a sorter prison cut orf from orl the rest o' mankind? If the arnswer is No, then w'y do we not tell 'em wot we mean to do?" We *'have* told 'em. *You've* told 'em. "*We mean to fight this wore to its very finish.*" Thet's wot you sed then. Thet's wot we say *now*. As fur tellin' the dirty, beastly 'Uns what we mean ter do, it's fur them to tell *us* wot their aim is. They've done it. They say they mean to 'old Belgium an' the Channel ports. They say they mean to 'ave their colonies back, and to run German trains from Berlin to Bagdad. *We* say they ain't a-goin' ter do nuthink o' the kind. An' we mean it. So it's up to the 'Uns theirselves to end the wore. We never started it. You oughter remember thet. *We* 'aven't no aggressive aims to relinquish. It's *them*. Let the 'orrible 'Uns give up their silly, impossible dreams o' conquest, make reparation for the dirty, wicked tricks they've played on innercent, peaceable people, an' apologise, an' we might then listen to peace. They carn't win—an' they know it. America's in now. We *can* win, an' we know it. And we're a-goin' to. But you seem to 'ave got cold feet, sir. I 'ope writin' thet book, "Gawd, the Invisible King," 'asn't upset yore mental balance, sir. . . . You don't wish to tork any more about it? Well, neether do I, sir. You've disappointed me—thet's orl. S'pose I git on with the shavin', sir? . . . Very good, sir.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY MIRROR":—

"A Margate correspondent says:—The air seemed to be swarming with OUR OWN MACHINES. THEY dropped four bombs on the eastern end of the town."

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL" (Serial Story):

"Her thoughts were heavy as lead. She saw no hope, NO PROSPECT OF EMPTINESS AND DESOLATION."

"RED LETTER":—

"She heard the sound of whistling, FELT THE SCENT OF A CIGARETTE, and saw Lord Algy coming towards her."

"DAILY NEWS AND LEADER":—

"The TIDE on the western front is BLOWING in our favour."

"HULL DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—

"FOUND . . . two Gold Chains. FINDER can have same by paying expenses."

"OUR HOME":—

"Wash it with a leather wrung out in VERY DRY clean warm WATER."

"CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER" (advertisement):—

"A. Harvey, 35, condition good as new, modern actions, overstrung models; for nett cash only £45 and £50."

"WATERFORD NEWS" (advertisement):—

"Fresh Eggs. You can keep EGGS fresh and good till Christmas by using JAM OR MARMALADE, without sugar."

WHEN YOU SUFFER.

ANTIKAMNIA QUICKLY RELIEVES ALL ACHES AND PAINS.

TRIAL BOXES FREE TO-DAY.

Send your name and address to-day (a postcard will do) to address below, and you will receive free of charge a presentation trial box of Antikamnia Tablets.

With the box you will also receive an interesting booklet which tells how you may quickly relieve all pain due to:—

RHEUMATISM HEADACHE SCIATICA NEURALGIA TOOTHACHE GOUT

Dr. ROBBINS says:—"I have found them especially valuable for all kinds of headaches and neuralgic pains. They are especially useful for women, and no remedy gives greater relief than Antikamnia Tablets in all conditions known as 'Women's Aches and Ills.'"

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe; they will not upset the system, and have no unpleasant after-effects, so don't forget to send for your free supply to-day and cut short your unpleasant symptoms.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send your name and address (a postcard will do) asking for samples and further particulars to Antikamnia Dept. (A. 28), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet and further particulars absolutely free of charge.

A HAIR FREE FACE

Every applicant for my Free Book

The Face Perfect

will learn how the Tensfeldt Electrolysis Home Treatment guarantees painless and permanent eradication of the most stubborn growths of superfluous hair. Write for FREE COPY, enclosing 2d. for postage to Madame TENSFELDT Scientific Dermatologist, 137E, Princes Street, EDINBURGH.

FREEMANS CUSTARD

There's nothing else quite so good.

DEVONSHIRE

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.

Vi-Cocoa

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 10, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.

Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest, most economical Custard, delicious flavour and absolutely pure.

The Cream of All Custards.

Cream Custard

CORK LINO

Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns and Prices.

CATESBYS LTD.,

Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

De Luxe Model, with 13 coupons **2/9** Postage 2d.

Standard Model with 13 coupons **1/9** post. 2d.

Our famous **JOHN BULL PENS** are all fitted with 14ct. Solid Gold Nibs, iridium tipped.

USE THIS COUPON ⇒

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

(September 1, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

Discontent at Didcot.

The Officer Commanding the Labour Company at Didcot Camp should parade his men and ask for complaints. His appeal will not be in vain.

Barred at Bulford!

We should like to know who issued an order at Bulford to the effect that all letters addressed to JOHN BULL are to be retained. We intend to look closely into this matter. In the meantime, we are glad to say that our mail arrives regularly, though by roundabout ways.

A Bit for the Buffs.

We have received field postcards from Prisoners of War at Merseburg and Altdamm. The writers belong to the Buffs, and complain about the non-appearance of parcels supposed to be sent by the Regimental Help Committee. Perhaps the authorities on this side will take notice of the complaint.

A Gross Injustice.

Ninety-six per cent. of the patients in the Red Cross Hospital at Hanworth signed a petition for better food and treatment, and asked one of the Sisters to hand it to the proper authorities. She did so—and as a result was discharged. We want to see that Sister reinstated and the grievances of the men investigated at once; otherwise we must take the matter up very strongly.

Poor Mr. Bottomley!

We printed a paragraph recently, telling the soldier what leaves he is entitled to. One man of the Essex Regiment, stationed at Worksop, pinned the cutting on this Company's notice board. The Company Officer paraded his men and told them that JOHN BULL was "a notorious rag," relieving his feelings by spluttering out the statement that there were two men he would like to see out of this world—the Kaiser and Horatio Bottomley.

Is He the Man?

With the Royal Flying Corps at Westbury, in Wiltshire, is a Warrant Officer whose description and attitude towards his men lead us to think that he is the person whom we had shunted from a unit in another place. If so, next time he is moved, may it be to fill a humbler post.

Leave at Last.

We are delighted to note the increasing numbers of Expeditionary men who daily arrive on leave from the front. The boys are now coming into their own. We trust this will satisfy the numerous women who write asking us to obtain furlough for their husbands or sweethearts.

A Plea for the Invalids.

At Ballykinlar Camp, County Down, is a Command Depot for the reception of convalescents, including many men suffering from chest diseases. It is misty and damp in summer, and fiendishly cold in winter. It would be wiser to transfer this Camp to Queenstown, or some place in the South!

Only a "Scrap of Paper."

A man now in a Middlesex Battalion was arrested as a spy by the Germans in the first days of the war. Wonderful to relate, he was sent home, after full identifying particulars, including finger-prints, had been recorded, and he had signed a solemn undertaking not to fight against the Huns—the penalty on re-capture of course being death. Our Army authorities knew all the circumstances, yet he was sent to the Front, wounded twice, and made prisoner. Fortunately for him, he managed to escape, with a couple of comrades, and thus saved his life. Perhaps the tearing up of a humble Tommy's "scrap of paper" does not matter in the official eye, but we put it to the War Council that this man should either be transferred to Home Service or discharged.

From the Grand Fleet.

We are proud of the cordial terms of the numerous letters sent to us by men of the Grand Fleet, and are glad to hear that the treatment, particularly in connection with leave, is now almost what they would wish it to be.

The Sailor Sighs at Stornoway.

The Jacks at Stornoway complain that when their ships are in harbour for a rest they are refused an all-night leave, which is granted at most other bases. Can this be remedied?

On the Other Hand.—

We are glad to know that our paragraph concerning leave at Chatham has secured the earnest consideration of the authorities, and that men of the lower deck are likely to have the old scale of leave granted to them forthwith.

Piling It On.

Even if our sailors and soldiers are refused half-fare vouchers when on leave, we do not see why they should be compelled, being uniformed men, to fork out the full old fare plus the fifty per cent. increase. The Government run the railways now, and should have more feeling for the men to whom they give such niggardly pay.

Jack's Daily Bread.

Sea life generates a ravenous appetite, and we suggest to Sir Eric Geddes that he should revise the scale of rations. Six ounces of bread, six ounces of meat, and half rations of potatoes, is scarcely sufficient for the blue-jacket—whilst it is too bad that on account of the meagre allowance of sugar he should be compelled to buy syrup out of his scanty pay, to sweeten his tea with.

Leave Verboten.

Dovercourt boasts no places of amusement except one picture palace; but outside the limits of the port there is ample scope for simple enjoyment. The men of the Depot-ship, for destroyers and other vessels, vainly ask for leave to pass the frontier, being told that the making out of passes would entail too much clerical work on the over-burdened ship's police staff.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Many Mouths, Little Money.

Discharged from the Army, with a pension of 4s. 8d. a week, a soldier has a wife and five children to keep. He is ill, so they naturally fell into dire distress—which we relieved.

A Dying Hero.

Another discharged man is dying of heart disease. His wife is in consumption and unable to work. As there are three small children, the pension of 16s. 3d. a week is quite inadequate to support them, so we lightened the load.

Mother of Four Soldiers.

A woman has four sons in the Army, three of them fighting, in respect of whom she receives an allowance of 7s. 6d. a week. The remainder of her family consists of three small children. She does only casual char work. Here, again, we helped.

A Case for Inquiry.

We recently received from Denaby Main an application for assistance, accompanied by a "medical certificate" written by a grossly illiterate person, and thus an obvious forgery. We regret that several other efforts have been made by undeserving persons living in the same district to obtain money from our Fund, but this is the most glaring.

In the Grip of Want.

Her husband in an asylum, a woman is left with four little children to support—her son is serving in India, but she has no separation allowance. The case was indeed a sad one, and we were very glad to give assistance.

Sympathy Out of Place.

We have received a letter from a lady signing herself "Hoveite," commenting upon our paragraph referring to a rifleman who called upon us and, in soldier's parlance, "chanced his arm" in order to extract money from our Fund. He stated that he had a wife and children, who had not received their separation allowance for some months. Our information, instantly sent from the War Office, was to the effect that he was a single man, who had no wife—official or "unofficial"—and no children. "Hoveite," nevertheless, sends us a very pathetic letter begging us to help the poor fellow. We assure the charitable lady that we still have what she describes as "a big, kind heart." So many similar attempts, however, are made to obtain money by false pretences that we fear it will be necessary to make examples of such frauds through the Criminal Courts. We are determined that not one sixpence subscribed to our Fund shall find its way into unworthy hands.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"34185's Girl," 3s.; G. T. C., £3; H.M.S. *Bellona*, 17s. 3d.; Mrs K. S. M. (Bangalore City), 3s. 4d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; W. and A. L. (Forest Gate), 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; Mrs. H. (Stapleford), 1s.; D. F. (Portobello), 1s.; "Tuscanny," 10s.; E. W., 5s.; M. G. (Wandsworth), 1s.; "R. E. Ex-Rat," 4s.; D. T. M. (Edinburgh), 2s.; S. J. G. (France), 1s. 10d.; I. D., 1s.; C. R. (Hanley), 3s.; "Thankful," 10s.; A. L. (Coatbridge), 2s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1 5s.; "Tim" (B.E.F.), 1s.; H. H. (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; A. D. (Great Yarmouth), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Greenock), 1s.; R. W. (Liverpool), 1s.; J. R. (Perth), 10s.; D. P. G., 1s.; Mrs H., 1s.; A. W. (Sandbach), 2s.; "Rhyl Cabby's First Tip," 2s. 6d.; W. J., 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; Collection in Clearing House, Army Pay Office (York), 9s. 6d.; E. E. D., 2s. 6d.; A. E. A. (Fulham), 6d.; M. A., 6d.; A. M., 5d.; H. E. B., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Medicus," £1; W. T. (India), 6s. 8d.; "Salopian," 2s. 6d.; A. H. G. (Hove), £1; W. N. K. (Uckfield), 2s. 6d.; "Andrina," 1s.; "Cymro," 2s.; W. J. H. F., £1 7s. 6d.; B. W. (Bristol), 5s.; "Warbo," 4s.; Mrs. M. (Gt. Yarmouth), 2s. 8d.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s.; L. and N. E. Loco. Staff, Willesden Junction (per B. S.), £2; C. H. H. (Tidworth), 5s.; S. Ealing Reader, 6d.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Friend" (Lancs), 2s.; A. H. B. (Stafford), 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; Mrs. R. M. (Gravesend), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. L. B. (Carlton Hill), 6d.; A. W., 2s. 10d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Mrs. M. O., 2s.; W. G. (Wangford), 10s.; W. B. (Hampstead), 1s.; N. B. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; W. T. C. (Dairy), 1s. 10d.; "Arawa," 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "A J.B. Reader of Many Years," 5s.; "Omar," 10s.; D. B. (Tealing), 3s.; Mrs. F. (Pontypool), 4s.; M. E. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; "Wavertree," 3s.; "Anonymous," 1s. 6d.; Sergt. H. M., 2s. 6d.; T. F. W., 1s.; J. B., 1s.; Mrs. A. S., 6d.; R. M. S., 1s. 6d.; "Lieut. Norfolk Regt.," 6d.; G. F. T., 6d.; C. M. (Foyers), 1s.; "Rita," (parcels); "Jo," £1; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; Ship's Coy., H.M.T.B. "107," 15s.; "Bess May," 7d.; L/Cpl. S. I., 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.;

Miss G. R. Anthony, the winner of the First Prize in our 245th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £3.

Collecting Box.

Mrs. W. Taylor, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, E., £1 6s. 10½d.

Become a

GOOD PIANIST

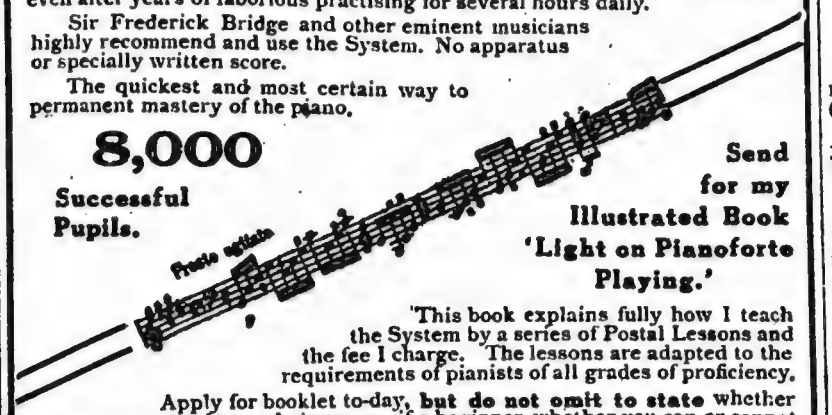
without constant 'Practising.'

No more weary grinding at 'Scales' and 'Exercises.'

My system has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the System. No apparatus or specially written score.

The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.



8,000

Successful Pupils.

Send for my Illustrated Book 'Light on Pianoforte Playing.'

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency.

Apply for booklet to-day, **but do not omit to state** whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH, 19, Bloomsbury Sq., London, W.C.1

'From Brain to Keyboard'

MACDONALD SMITH'S SYSTEM OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

RECUPERATE AT NORBRECK HYDRO.

Let the exhilarating Westerly Breezes banish your cares and bring back the glow of health. Ten minutes Coast ride from Blackpool is the ideal place for your holiday. Decide now to make Norbreck Hydro your headquarters this year. The Hydro has half a mile of sea-shore in its own grounds; 350 Bedrooms, Hot and Cold water in each, Electric Lifts, small tables in Dining Hall to seat 500. Musical Dinner, Tennis (13 courts), Bowling, Croquet, Clock Golf, Whist Drives, Concerts Dances, Cinematograph in the evenings. All these included in Tariff. Golf in own grounds. Three Billiard Tables. Splendid Bathing. Motor garage Luggage free on cars from station to Hydro

Write now for Tariff and Hydro Journal to:—
I. H. Shorrocks, Norbreck Hydro, Near Blackpool

We make clothes look better and last longer.

The problem of expensive new clothes need not worry you if you send your suit or overcoat to us to be renovated by our special tailor-cleaning process.

Whatever their condition, we are able to make them like new. We clean, do all minor repairs, reshape and press in best West-End style for 5s. per suit or overcoat.

On receipt of postcard we will collect and deliver anywhere within 10 miles Charing Cross. Beyond, use parcel post; we post back FREE

BRITISH
Tailoring & Repairing Co.

34-40, GREAT COLLEGE ST., LONDON, N.W.1.
Telephone: North 2282-2883.

A minute spent on looking through the "What d'ye Lack?" feature on page iii. of cover may help brighten things for you.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of the original purchase.*

NEURASTHENIA, NERVES,

Debility, Depression, Weariness.

Worn-out nerve cells cannot be replaced by new growths like less specialised tissues. You must rest and nourish them or lose them altogether. Here are some approved nerve-nutritive formulas of the phosphorus type, included with others, provided by

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE.

It will pay most nerve sufferers to try one or more of these at their discretion. (Further hints in booklet No. 48. Price 1d.)

SHELL SHOCK, LASSITUDE, WEAKNESS, DEPRESSION. **(Formula 470T.)**
Phosphorus, Nux Vomica Extract, Damiana Extract, Pure Lecithin.
In tablets. Dose: 1 or 2 after each meal. Price: 1s. 7d. (36) and 5s. 8d. (144).
This formula acts like magic.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE. **(Formula 1,078.)**
Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.
You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall. Price 1s. 1½d. (72), 2s. (144).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 51. Price 1d.

URETHRITIS AND BLADDER IRRITATION. **(Formula 282.)**
Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Copaiba Balsam, Colchicum Extract, Gravel Nut Root, Podophyllin Root, Formamine.
Dose: 1 or 2 pills thrice daily. Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Cystitis and Prostatitis.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50), 2s. (100), and 5s. 9d. (300).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 63. Price 1d.

RASH, PUSTULAR ERUPTIONS, HARD OR SOFT SORES, SWOLLEN GLANDS. **(Formula 606.)**
(Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)
Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine, Mercury Iodide, Mercuric Chloride, Nux Vomica, Stillingia, Jacoranda, Sarsaparilla.
In tablets, 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 9d. (144), 8s. (432), with directions.
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 62. Price 1d.

FORCED MARCH TONIC. **(Formula 458.)**
Will help you over the stile.
Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.
In pills. Price 2s. 6d. (36) and 8s. 6d. (144). With directions.

UNSIGHTLY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (BALD PATCHES). **(Formula 550.)**
Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.
To be applied night and morning. Price 1s. 3d. and 3s.

LOSS OF WEIGHT, THINNESS RICKETS, NERVOUSNESS. **(Formula 552.)**
(A Nerve and Flesh Builder.)
Zinc Phosphide, Lecithin, Calcium Hypoph., Soda Hypoph., Potas. Hypoph., Casein, Sugar.
Dose: 1 to 3 tablets with meals. Children may take half-tablet.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d. (36) and 2s. 9d. (144).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 37. Price 1d.

HEART, NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC. **(Formula 632.)**
Nux Vomica Extract, Digitalis, Gentian Extract, Dandelion Extract. In pills.
Dose: 1 or 2 pills, after meals.
Price: 1s. 1½d. (36 pills), 2s. 9d. (144 pills).

SALLOW COMPLEXION, BLACK HEADS, PIMPLES, DULL EYES. **(Formula 442—improved.)**
(A Complexion Tonic.)
Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract.
In tablets, 1s. 1½d. (72), 2s. (144), 5s. 9d. (432).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 26. Price 1d.

WAR-BREAD INDIGESTION,

Atonic Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Constipation.

Undoubtedly the substance we purchase as bread is responsible for an abnormal amount of indigestion and associated ailments. Booklet No. 61 (price 1d.) contains a selection of formulas useful for typical cases. Here are some:—

SICKNESS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS. **(Formula 2,600.)**
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home or in the soldier's knapsack.
Barbadoes Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil, Soft Soap.
With directions. 1s. 1½d. (144) or 2s. 9d. (432 pills).

DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN, WIND, AND CONSTIPATION. **(Formula 882.)**
Contains Nature's digestive juices.
Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.
In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. 1s. 1½d. (72) and 2s. (144).

PILES, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. **(Formula 394.)**
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Belladonna, and Gentian.
With directions. Price 1s. 1½d. (36 pills), 2s. 9d. (144 pills).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 39. Price 1d.

ATONIC DYSPEPSIA, WITH CONSTIPATION. **(Formula 399.)**
Cascara, Capsicum, Cascarilla, Aloes and Nux Vomica.
With directions. Price 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 9d. (144 pills).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 37. Price 1d.

SOUR TASTE, SORE STOMACH, WIND. **(Formula 1,077.)**
(Acid Dyspepsia and Gastric Catarrh.)
Bismuth, Carbonate, Soda Bicarbonate, Magnesia Carbonate, Carminatives.
In 6-grain tablets. Neutralises acidity and removes the feeling of fulness in acid indigestion. Non-purgative.
Price 1s. 1½d. (72) and 2s. (144).

INTESTINAL FERMENTATION AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA (THE CARBOLIC CURE). **(Formula 254.)**
Medicinal Carbolic, Nux Vomica, Rhubarb, Capsicum, Gentian.
Non-purgative, tonic, antiseptic.
With directions. Price 1s. 1½d. (72) and 2s. (144 pills).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 50. Price 1d.

SLEEPLESSNESS, IRRITABILITY,

Palpitation, Hot Flushes, Headache.

Drug taking to procure sleep is often unwise, but there are yet times when this is the safe course to pursue. One or two useful prescriptions are here given. (Booklet No. 64 explains. Price 1d.)

INSOMNIA WITH NEURALGIA OR HYSTERIA. **(Formula 32.)**
Lupulin, Scullcap, Valerin, Gentian Asafetida.
Dose: 1 or 2 at bedtime. In pills. Price 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 9d. (144).

GENERAL INSOMNIA. **(Formula 476.)**
Chloral, Hydrate, Potassium Bromide, Opium, Hyoscyamus.
In pills. Dose: 1 or 2 at bedtime. Contains standard remedies. Price 2s. 6d. (36), 7s. 6d. (144).

GREY HAIR BANISHED. **(Formula 906.)**
A famous Parisian formula of the transparent type. Gives good results. Price 2s.
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 64. Price 1d.

NEURASTHENIA AND GOUTY INSOMNIA. **(Formula 479.)**
Lithium Bromide, Lupulin, Potassium Bicarbonate.
In tablets. With directions. Price 4s. 6d. (36), 15s. (144).

PAINS IN LIMBS AND JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS. **(Formula 74.)**
(Rheumatic Gout and Arthritis.)
Colchicum Extract, Blue Pill, Comp. Rhubarb Pill, Extract Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.
Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica and certain forms of Arthritis. With directions.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50) and 2s. (100).

The above prescriptions may be obtained post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.),
63 (Dept. J.B.), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E. 3.

INCURABLE!!

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.

SECRET OF A SIMPLE CURE

Are you a walking barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid, and should

CURE THE TROUBLE AT ONCE.

You can easily do it yourself at home.

Have you not heard of the wonderful specific that does this? It is called Curicones, a real scientific discovery. Write to-day for a

FREE HOME TRIAL PACKAGE

and a copy of the little book, "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It gives you the secret of this remarkable discovery, which has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO.

It is the only preparation as far as we know which has proved useful for Rheumatoid Arthritis

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't cure you. Send for the trial package. Curicones give prompt relief, and will cure you. The book tells you why Curicones are so effective, even from the first dose. They relieve your pains, reduce swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. Repeated tests prove that it is equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for chronic cases when all other means have failed.

FREE. Send no money. Just sign the following and post to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd. (Dept. U/3), 19-20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. Please send me your little book, The Free Home Trial Package, and your usual circulars of information, &c.

Name .....

Address .....

Ailment .....

A North-country solicitor writes:
"Your 'Curicones' have done me a great amount of good; in fact, I have had no recurrence of my trouble since I took them. And to a business man like myself loss of time and suffering means a lot. I believe that you have in your 'Curicones' an absolute cure, and if only people will follow out your instructions religiously I am confident that a cure will be effected."

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

Manufacturers of LTD.

High Class Men's Wear

PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

BEST FRENCH CAMBRIC SHIRTS. Neat Stripes. Made with soft front, soft or stiff cuffs. Each **6/6**

Zephyr Shirts, good quality, tasteful designs. Each **4/11**

White Dress Shirts, for dress or business wear. Each .. **4/9, 6/11, 8/11**

Taffeta Shirts. Most comfortable wear. Smart, and unshrinkable. Each **7/6**

Flannel Shirts, in various weights, plain or twill cloths. Each **9/11**

Ceylon Flannel Shirts, Durable and Unshrinkable. Single or double cuffs. Each .. **6/11**

SHIRTS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE OR PATTERN SHIRT IN A FEW DAYS.

Best Quality Cloths. Zephyr, Oxford, Cambric. Per Shirt **7/11**

PYJAMA BARGAINS.

Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas, Medium weight. Per suit, .. **6/11**

Medium Weight Pyjamas, in Taffeta or Ceylon Flannel. Per suit .. **12/6**

Pure Wool Pyjamas, Fine Medium Weight. Per suit **18/11**

Heavy Wool Pyjamas, good patterns. Per suit .. **18/6**

The Celebrated

CASTLE COLLARS.

LIST ON APPLICATION.

Real Reindeer Gloves, Tan or Grey. Per pair .. **8/11**

Slate Doeskin Gloves, Per pair **4/6**

LINED GLOVES IN GREAT VARIETY AT TEMPTING PRICES.

Real Spitalfields wide end Ties. Cut from Squares. Each **2/6**

Pure Silk Knitted Ties, were 5/6 each; to clear, Each **2/6**

50 doz. 2/6 wide end Ties, at 1/11 each.

SERVICE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Medium or Heavy Khaki Shirts, from 5/11 each.

Khaki Wool Jackets, with Sleeves. Each **9/11**

Khaki Cashmere Neck Squares. Each **2/6**

Heavy Worsted Socks, 1/6, 2/11, 3/6 per pair.

Pure Wool Underwear, heavy weight

Vests, 11/6. Pants, 12/6.

Wool Sweaters, from 6/11 each.

101 - 102, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as *they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"LOYAL SCOT" (Edinboro').—It is not often that we are asked to put more "ginger" into our articles. They are generally considered to be uncommonly hot stuff; but we will do our best to satisfy your fiery taste.

"AN OLD STEWARD" (Liverpool).—Thanks for your admirable letter. You will have seen that our efforts have been successful. Government is now fixing up a scheme to provide special pay and outfit for merchant seamen wrecked through an act of war.

"IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY."—So you think our recent cartoon on the Irish question ought to be enlarged and sent all over Ireland. As a matter of fact, however, it has managed to get nearly all over Europe in its present size.

W. S. B. (Church Stretton).—Take it that there is no need for the intervention of a destroying angel to wipe out the Kaiser and his hordes, as was the case with Sennacherib and his Assyrians. Nowadays the Huns' destroying angel is dressed in khaki, and his name is legion.

S. H. G. (Broadstairs).—"Love is limited hate, hate is limited love." Then we can safely say that our love for the Huns is limited to the very limit.

A. H. W. (Bognor).—Agreed that visitors to Bognor should be no longer insulted by the word "Kursaal" staring them in the face as they promenade on the front. It is a pity that Harrogate, too, is obstinate in the same respect.

J. B. (Pontefract) complains of being charged 8½d. for a pound of sugar. We asked Messrs. Tate whether there was a legally fixed maximum, but they replied that they did not know!

"DEBATE" (B.E.F.). — Mr. Pemberton Billing's father died some 20 years ago, so he could scarcely have given up his seat in the House in favour of his son.

J. T. (Sheffield) says: "Look in the heart of the C.O.s and you will find it white." No doubt—white with fear, and a dirty white at that.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF H.M.T. "RUSTINGTON" ask us on their behalf to thank the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Laurel* for picking them up and treating them with such great kindness after being torpedoed without warning on July 25th, "somewhere at sea."

G. S. (Pembrokeshire).—One more solution of the Irish question: "Free transport of the Sinn Feiners to a conquered German Colony, and there let them govern themselves as they like—and be damned to them." Some suggestion that, but wait till you hear *our* plan.

"A MAN" (Atherstone).—As a matter of fact, there is hardly any whisky being manufactured at present; but, happily, the stocks in bond are sufficient to avert any risk of shortage. So cheerio!

J. H. (Dumfries).—"I wish you strength in every part of your body to carry on." Thanks, dear friend; we are doing very nicely—being especially strong in the arm.

"BUNTIE" (Worthing).—Burke's "Peerage" will tell you all about people of title—that is to say, all that can be told of them without incurring the risk of libel actions.

J. S. B. (Birkenhead).—"The Ministry of Munitions graciously supplied an order for oil to be sent from Liverpool to Glasgow by the Overhead Railway, which is a local line for Liverpool and environs only." The Ministry was over its head in idiocy, but things are better now.

"STANDFAST" (Banffshire).—"By the side of Spey a pearl fisher borrowed the cover of my JOHN BULL to wrap a pearl in. Is this the first time your journal has been so used?" Certainly not. Inside our covers we are crammed with pearls every week.

M. S. (Margate).—"The parsons know that the war will soon be over, and they wish to get the credit for it." Some news that!

"HOUSEWIFE."—To purchase 2lbs. of soda and be refused ½lb. of sugar by the grocer, and then on reaching home to find that instead of soda you had been supplied with loaf sugar by mistake, was a bit of luck for you, but calculated to make the grocer gnash his gums with impotent rage.

G. R. (Islington, N.).—Publicans who charge more than 2½d. a half pint for Government ale deserve to be drowned in their own swipes.

"MR. MAJOR."—"I have taken a pride in myself about an invention which will shorten this war by two years." Take a lump more pride, and do it in a bit less.

CRYSTAL PRESS, LTD. (London, W.).—We are not in the least interested in Mr. F. L. Rawson's "method of divine healing by scientific right thinking." No man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature nor restore a limb blown away by H.E.

"ON LEAVE" (Folkestone).—"Are we allowed to get intoxicated?" Judging by your post-card you have not waited for permission.

T. E. T. (Isle of Sheppey).—As you expected, your letter has been of "slight interest" to us.

A. M. (Tipton).—We agree that you were scandalously overcharged. Surely the Food Controller should be able to secure for munition workers a square meal at a fair price.

"BARBED WIRE" (Leeds).—Shameful for invalid soldiers still to see that barbed wire in Beckett's Park. They saw enough of the stuff at the front. But pigs in possession take a deal of shifting.

W. J. T. (Chapel).—If you can "rob the torpedo of its effectiveness," write at once to the Ministry of Munitions. Better still, wire.

UNKNOWN OFFICER (Sandwich) is gratefully thanked by mother of little boy saved from drowning by his gallant dive into the stream, at Sandwich Butts on Bank Holiday.

"A SCHOOLBOY" (Hartlepool), writing criticising the clause in the new Education Bill postponing the leaving age till 18, says: "Please Don't put my name at the bottom of the pharagraph for a certain reason." Ah, yes; teacher might get to the bottom of it.

"BILL HORKINS" (No address).—You remind us of a born idiot; you can't help it.

"JUSTICE" (Barnes).—"Botty's the bloke for Britons." Such is fame!

MISS E. B. W. (Glasgow).—"JOHN BULL" for Jack and Tommy, He knows their work so brave; They nobly fought for freedom, And Britannia's empire saved." As you are only 12, we hereby kiss you.

"RATEPAYERS" (Hove).—"Tillings have bought up the Brighton and Hove Omnibus Co. and raised the fares." You can do nothing except raise a row.

A. F. MASON (Farnham).—So the £2 10s. "Bullets" prize paid for a holiday you could not otherwise have afforded. Hope it did you good.

F. S. (Park Royal).—You are mistaken if you think JOHN BULL exists for the purpose of ventilating your petty domestic squabbles. Take our advice, kiss your sister-in-law severely, and make it up.

"BEWDLEY."—"I have two copies of *John Bull*, dated Feb. 5th, 1826, 7d., and May 7th, 1826, also price 7d. Are they of any value?" A copy of JOHN BULL for September 1st, 1917, is worth much more.

J. W. (Swiss Cottage).—Perhaps your aristocratic neighbour has something on her conscience which would account for her objecting to a policeman living next door in the capacity of caretaker.

A. N. (Cumberland).—We strongly object to having chunks of the Bible and Prayer Book hurled at us in this indiscriminate fashion—and then you end up with two naughty swear words! We are shocked.

H. M. (Birmingham).—"I find it difficult to express to you just what I have in my mind." So it appears; but you have made a manful effort, all the same.

A. G. (Erith) thinks "Objects" might be usefully employed in watering the roads. But consider the distress of mind it would cause them if they chanced to drown an insect!

"DESTROYER" (Mountain Ash).—Afraid you must wait till after the war for a photo of the destroyer on which your gallant brother lost his life. It is illegal to circulate such photos at present.

A. T. (Old Swan).—"Although a keen reader of your paper, this is the first time I have annoyed you in your good work." Another good man gone wrong.

E. M. (Hucknall).—"Reading your replies to correspondents, I should like to know what is the most difficult question you have ever answered?" Yours.

A. E. T. (Rochester).—We find that Lipton's did not increase the price of their 2s. 10d. tea until after they had exhausted the whole of the stock bought before the advance.

"AN ENGINEER" (Glasgow).—"A young lad came in with the point of his finger taken off. The storeman asked me if I could do ambulance work. I said I could, but I refused to touch the boy as I was not employed as an ambulance hand but as an engineer." Bit of a brute too, aren't you?

P. J. (Cathcart).—The Welcome Club men, who looked after the soldiers "stranded at Stranraer," do not want all the credit. They ask a big slice of it for the Bellevilla ladies, who worked at night, and cooked 163 breakfasts at four in the morning. Bonny belles of Bellevilla!

"PAGET" (Y.M.C.A.).—"Am sending this letter in the hopes of you putting in one of your stomach-binding articles about our pay." You must have a hopeful temperament.

"SOLDIER" ("S - in - France"). — "The Kaiser he is hellish hot, I wish to goodness he was shot." Carry on.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"I have experienced a Most Remarkable Return of Energy, both Mental and Physical."

So writes the Well-known Author of "The White Slaves of England," after using a Wonderful Food Reconstructive that Produces a Marvellous Increase of Nervous Force and Energy.

ANY PERSON CAN RECEIVE A LIBERAL TRIAL SUPPLY ON REQUEST.

THE CAUSE of exhausted nerves and nerve exhaustion is understood by very few people. Briefly, the nervous system is composed of millions of nerve cells which are supplied—when a person is in perfect health—with a precious nutritive substance extracted in minute quantities from the daily food. This essential substance reaches the countless nerve cells in the form of **organised** phosphorus. Worry, strain, anxiety, excess or overwork creates an extra wastage and proportionately greater demand for this all important sustenance, and then the **normal** quantity extracted from one's daily nourishment becomes insufficient and "nerve" starvation with consequent exhaustion is the result.

This in a nutshell is the explanation of most nervous disorders.

Watch These Symptoms.

Here are some of the ailments caused by this starved condition of the nerve cells. Read down the list.

—SLEEPLESSNESS.
—GENERAL DEBILITY.
—PAINS IN BACK.
—INABILITY TO CONCENTRATE YOUR MIND.
—BAD MEMORY.
—HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.
—BRAIN FAG.
—IRRITABILITY.
—LOSS OF ENERGY.
—DIZZINESS.
—DEPRESSION AND MELANCHOLIA.
—LACK OF "FIRE" AND VIGOUR.
—EXCESSIVE SHYNESS AND TIMIDITY
—HYSTERIA. —ANÆMIA.
—INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION. —FAILING VISION.

If the illness or weakness from which you are suffering is included, you should in your own interests *write at once*, when convincing proofs will be sent you of complete restorations to perfect health and physical enjoyment in numerous cases similar to your own.

In all these troubles the Muller Nutrient will be found to be a most valuable health restorative.

An Interesting Letter
FROM
Mr. ROBERT H. SHERARD
THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR OF
"Whispers," Poems, "My First Voyage," "The White Slaves of England," "Twenty Years in Paris," "My Friends the French," "Modern Paris," etc., etc.

Dear Sirs,—I have been taking the Dr. Muller Nutrient and write to say that I have experienced a most remarkable return of energy both mental and physical. I had got so far run down that the mere writing of a post card seemed to me a herculean task. I am now back at work again and scheming a daily campaign of about 3,500 words a day. I have found that no stimulant of any kind is wanted when one is taking this preparation, and stimulants are what the nerve "run down" usually resort to.

Robert H. Sherard.

The True Restorative

The Muller Nutrient is a scientific counterpart of the natural nerve nutrient supplied through the digestive processes to healthy nerves. You take this concentrated nutrient through the organs of digestion and it is rapidly assimilated by the semi-starved nerve cells and gives them renewed health, strength and vitality.

The Muller preparation is not a tonic, stimulant nor medicine. It is just a very valuable food and is masticated like ordinary food.

It is a sure "reconstructor" of strong and healthy nerves and it acts on the nervous system in the same natural way as good digestible food acts upon a starved and emaciated body. After taking this remarkable preparation for a few days, you feel different brighter, stronger and more energetic — in short, more "vital" in every way.

A Warning Note.

Drugs and Tonics are useless in nerve troubles. Often they are actually dangerous. As well try and roll up a hill as expect to rectify nerve starvation by such futile treatment.

In this lightning age, numerous people suffer from some form of nerve trouble. The unwise resort to tonics and stimulants, to find in due course that the fleeting effect of this passing stimulation has worn off, leaving them, in many cases, worse than before.

Write To-day.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full sized boxes of the Muller Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment. Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 6 stamps. That is all it costs you. In return, the box of the Muller Nerve-Nutrient will be sent you.

With this week's trial course of the Muller Nutrient will be sent full directions for use and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address with six penny stamps to 508, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W. 1, and the booklet and a package containing seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W. 1, can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

The Dr Muller Nutrient

A True Nerve Restorative free of Baneful Drugs

NOTICE! A Guaranteed British Product Under British Control and Ownership.
Price from 2/6 a Box, of all Good Chemists. Superior to all Nerve Foods in 'Powder' form.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—PRETTY BUSY. Bullet:—PREPARING FOR NEXT PUSH. Example:—PAID IN ADVANCE. Bullet:—INCOME TAX RARELY. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated September 22nd. This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated September 1st.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 252.

PUSHING ON	LORD HALDANE	SLACKING	BREACH OF PROMISE
OUT FOR GLORY	CUTHBERT DISLIKES	WITHOUT CONSCIENCE	UNCALLED FOR
RAID RESULTS	THE LABOUR PARTY	PEACE AND PLENTY	PAID IN ADVANCE
BRITISH TARS	RETURNED EMPTY	SEASIDE CHARGES	EMBRACING OPPORTUNITY
WHEN LEAST EXPECTED	UNCLEAN HANDS	MIGHTY DEEP	MISSING THE TRAIN
RAMSAY REGRETS	NEEDS INCREASING	THE UNEXPECTED	PAINLESS EXTRACTION
BAD BUSINESS	GOING FOR A SOLDIER	WHEN WIFE'S SILENT	PRETTY BUSY
TURNING HER HEAD	MAKES FATHER SWEAR	CHARMING GIRL	THE KAISER'S CHEEK

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 6th.**

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(252) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 252, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 6th.**

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(252) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 9d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 6th.**

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(252) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 253. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **253** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 253,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 253.

Fair Deceiver	Straight Talk	Becoming Wife	Ugly Subject	Dry Sermon
Shy Young Man	Pleases the Missus	When Sentry Nods	When Put Out	Unexpected
Our Grocer	Pretty Fast	Honours Easy	Innocent Remarks	Family Gathering
Restoration	Setting Good Example	Round the Corner	Keeping It Quiet	The Kaiser's Past

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but **Each** coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons **must not be defaced in any** manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 249th 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. ARTHUR H. BARRATT,
96, Edward Road,
West Bridgford, Notts.

Example:—AFTER THREE YEARS.
Bullet:—POLITICIANS HAVEN'T "ALTERED MUCH."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Pte. T. P. JENKIN,
Care of Orderly Room,
Ranney Camp, Plymouth.

Example:—MAKES KAISER THINK.
Bullet:—GERMANY'S CONDITION—ALLIES' CONDITIONS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. WILLIAM HAYES,
13, Roda Street,
Moston, Manchester.

Example:—WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
Bullet:—DESCRIBES MY ALLOTMENT.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. J BERRY PITTS Buxton Lodge, Aldersbrook, Leytonstone, E.
BEGINNING TO TUMBLE—MAKES YOU "GRASP" THINGS.
(Sent in on a Free Target Prize Coupon.)

Private TOM MATHIAS, 24, Worsley Street, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough:
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—IF PEOPLE RULED "THEMSELVES."

Miss MADGE BENTLEY, 92, Shakespeare Street, Nottingham:
DURATION OF WAR—"SO LONG" TO GERMANY.

Mr. G. LEA, 219, London Road, Stoke-on-Trent:
LOSING SIDE—KAISER "CONSIDERS" DEMOCRACY.

Mr. R. D. TOMLINSON, 4?, Brixton Road, Preston:
MAKING MONEY—WRONG PEOPLE OTHERS THINK.

Mr. W. VEYSEY, Ley Green, Kingswalden, Hitchin, Herts:
READY TO HELP—BRITAIN WASN'T, BUT DID.

Mr. G. RICHARDS, Chief Gunner's Mate Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham;
TAKING COVER—UNNECESSARY AT ALEXANDRA PALACE

S.-Sgt. A. V. HANDS, R.A.M.C., Army Medical Stores, Roodee House, Chester:
THE LATEST PUSH—STILL GOING "ON."

Sergt. METCALF, 23, Croxteth Avenue, Litherland, Liverpool:
A BIG BLUNDER—WE "ASSOCIATE" WITH HUNS.

Mr. GEO. HODGSON, 31, Scalegill Road, Moor Row, Cumberland:
OUR KING—"FIRST OF ALL" BRITISH.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Nurse M. BENNETT, 100, Wyrley Road, Witton, Birmingham:
BEGINNING TO TUMBLE—BOMBS BEFORE WE DID.

Mr. R. MARR, 15A, Kennington Oval, London, S.E.:
A BIG BLUNDER—TO "RUN AFTER" DRINK.

Mr. J. B. HULLEY, Calton Lees, Edinsor, Bakewell:
HITTING HARD—BOTTOMLEY GETS "CIRCULATION" UP.

Mr. M. W. LAMB, 126A, Adderley Road, Saltley, Birmingham:
SEASIDE FLIRTATION—SAFE "ASSUMING" YOU'RE SINGLE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. W. ROBINSON, Cheddar Villa, Cotham Road South, Bristol:
PRETTY WAITRESS—ANSWERS TO "FORWARD MISS."

Mrs. E. J. SAWYER, 42, Churchgate Street, Bury St. Edmunds:
A BIG BLUNDER—DISARMAMENT WOULD BE NOW.

Mr. R. BARLOW, 28, Cowper Street, Ashton-under-Lyne:
A BIG BLUNDER—SHOWED PALS "BULLETS" CHEQUE.

Mr. W. BELL, 90, Warren Road, Washwood Heath, Birmingham:
MAKES KAISER THINK—"RECOUNTING" HIS LOSSES.

Mr. JAMES WHYTE, Met. Elec Trwys., Manor House Offices, London, N.
A BIG BLUNDER—LOOKING BACK NEARING GOAL.

Miss L. REEVES, "Kellaton," Hendover Road Seaford:
MAKING MONEY—BREWERS "OUT OF" CONTROL.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.**

Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees, JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

7. **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**

The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd., 129, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

8. **SAMUEL BROTHERS**

(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.

FREE Publications.

(8a) "Straight Tips for Subs." (*For Officer Cadets.*)

(8b) "Omne Tempus Raincoats." (*For All.*)

(8c) "The Seven Ages of Boyhood." (*For Juveniles.*)

LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

9. ***Shorthand***

Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADERS, DEPT. 23, RAMSGATE.

10. **"SWAN" PENS**

"What d'ye lack?"

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, with full name and address, posting it to—Dept. I.C. 10, "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**

If you want to earn more—to "get on" in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.

11A Munition Work. 11G Mec. Engineering
11B Salesmanship. 11H Electrical do.
11C Advertising 11J Elec. Lighting, etc.
11D Motor Engrng. 11K Wireless Telephy
11E Industrial Chem. 11L Architecture
11F Careers for Men 11M Careers for Women
I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

2. **5,000**

British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

3. **GOT THE BLUES?**

Don't worry. Vicpe, that wonderful pick-me-up for jaded nerves, will put you right. They give new strength and vigour to body and mind of all sufferers from NERVES, NEURASTHENIA, LACK OF VITALITY, PROSTRATION, &c. FREE. An interesting brochure upon nerve treatment, for all sufferers sending name, address and ailment, to STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD., Dept. W.M., 20, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

4. **EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**

OF GUARANTESTED QUALITY.

LISTS FREE.

BEES LTD.,

17½ MILL ST. LIVERPOOL.

5. **"Free Hints about your Baby"**

Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.

Glaxo

155, Great Portland St., London, W. 1

12. **FREE**

each month an

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Bright, helpful and interesting.

- - Just fits the pocket - -

Mention No. 12 on Coupon below

14. **Is it an ALL-IN Policy?**

THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY

gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.

Ocean House, Old Broad St. E.C. 2.

INFORMATION COUPON.

Address to: Dept. I.C. 10, "JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I am interested in the Advts. numbered* _____

_____ Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

* Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.

Name _____

Address in full _____

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:

CORNELIUS HAINES, 52, Alma Place, Bristol Road, Gloucester. August 4th. 568,114.

MRS. HANNAH DAY, 86, Eastbourne Street, Hessle Road, Hull. August 11th. 187,558.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 25th:—

012,259	315,711	579,426	883,808	A237,685
034,512	327,166	581,549	934,634	A284,716
072,590	396,502	603,852	978,221	A300,994
110,315	400,359	632,518	991,412	A346,589
136,670	417,741	664,525	A022,673	A385,438
152,041	432,896	717,972	A045,785	A453,541
187,720	456,054	748,264	A112,436	A477,870
235,222	499,036	770,957	A140,794	A518,913
268,584	531,214	825,807	A143,057	A526,122
274,686	558,549	859,691	A154,372	A548,524

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 5th)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Aug. 25, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 217,594 and A164,722. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	**£200**
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	**£200**
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	**£100**
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	**£3**
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged [whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop] or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	**£350**
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	**£25**
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	**£10**

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

September 1, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, that myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

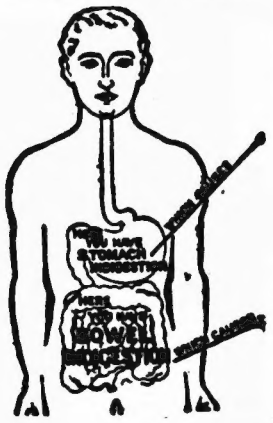
September 1, 1917.

I TOOK CICFA—the ONLY CURE for INDIGESTION (in STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire." "I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION.—If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas-Rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but, whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.

Without those ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the small tubes. I had been suffering from Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again.—Yours truly,

F. L. DAVID.

Cicfa has been taken up by over 12,000 British Doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results produced by taking it themselves and giving it to patients.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

WHY does INDIGESTION caused by eating bread, as it is now made, disappear by taking CICFA?

BECAUSE CICFA ensures complete digestion in the Stomach of the Albuminous little fibres of the bread which hold the Starch cells together, thereby releasing the Starch cells, which pass from the Stomach down into the Bowel, and

BECAUSE CICFA then ensures complete digestion of that Starch, while it passes down the Bowel, leaving only the refuse to be expelled.

Get Cicfa from your Chemist or post free from us.

PRICES 1/3 & 3/-, or TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address and **one penny stamp for postage,** with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE ACIDITY CICFA

The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

"John Bull," 1/9/17.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull Ltd.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 85-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).